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J. H. MORISON, E. PEABODY, A. P. PEABODY, F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

EQUALITY.

We have no clue to the authorship of this pamphlet, except the fact that it is published in West Brookfield, and the complexion of its politics.—It is the opinion of the writer respecting Banks that they enable certain persons to live without producing; that they organize inequality between the borrower and the lender, and separate between them; that they prevent competition among capitalists; that they drive the precious metals out of circulation; that they are conspiracies to enable the few to bring the many under tribute; that so far as banking institutions, whether of discount, deposit, or circulation, are concerned, "society is a contest between a large number of sheep who are entirely disconnected with each other, and a small number of wolves, who meet every Saturday afternoon to confer upon the internal affairs of the common lupine interest."

His opinion respecting Usury Laws, is that legislative interference fixing the rate of interest by law is impolitic and unjust: "If a man owns a sum of money he must not lend it for more than six *per cent.* interest; but he may buy houses, lands, ships, waggons, with it, and these he may freely let out at fifty *per cent.* if he can find any person willing to pay that rate!" But he thinks that as the banking system is unjust, its injustice is rather counteracted by the other injustice of the Usury Laws, and thus the borrower is protected. "A just balance and just weights!" But if we must have an unjust balance, let us have unjust weights to match, and thus perhaps get true measure. "We look upon the antagonism between the usury and the banking laws as a division of Satan against Satan, and trust that through their internal conflict and opposition, the infernal kingdom may one day be brought to destruction." After a very striking analysis and illustration of *actual value and legal value*, and the precise distinction between them—with an explication of the financial paradox daily set forth by the English Government—he infers that, under the present state of things, the producer of actual value is bound to be brought into ultimate, complete subjection to the holder of legal value.

He next considers the question, Of what avail is it that we enjoy equality *before* the law, *if the law is itself unequal?* Legislation now organizes inequality. The author would not equalize all fortunes,—would not take the honest earnings of the industrious and prudent, and divide them among the imbeciles and scoundrels. No person can respect the rights of property more than he. But the man who owns property by which, and for the use of which, without working, he obtains from other men the necessaries and comforts of life, is a *usurer*, and one day he will be held a robber. Highway robbers and pirates were once respectable characters. The capitalist who assists in the general consumption without assisting in the general production is so now. "We confess that if we owned money we should put it out at usury. We freely acknowledge that we cheat every day. Our remarks condemn society, not individuals. Let us endeavor to prevail upon our legislators to so organize society that we may be able not only to live, but also to preserve our self-respect."

As to the currency, his opinion is that *the new value*, conferred upon gold and silver, as a legal tender, over and above their intrinsic value, by the action of society, ought not, of itself, to become a marketable commodity, because it enables the moneyed man to be a hurtful monopolizer, and to control business to a hurtful excess. A specie currency is a direct minister to usury, and cultivates an obstruction. If other commodities,—e. g. corn, iron,—were monopolized as money is, society would be convulsed and revolutionized. Usury is the characteristic fact of the present system of civilization; and this is owing to the artificial, social, unnatural value, (not the intrinsic value) of the circulating medium.—The currency our author would advocate should not be open to this objection. It should be the paper issues of a bank, or rather *anti-bank*, not based on specie at all, nor having its notes redeemable in specie,—but issued against the notes of large numbers of the commercial community, representing actual value. The state government might assume the guaranty, and then, with one per cent. per annum, to cover losses, and one per cent. to pay all the state taxes, every laborer and mechanic and capitalist in the community could hire these redeemable bills at two per cent., and be relieved of the burdens of taxation!

Part II. treats, in brief sections, of "Solidarity," "the Formula of Labor," "Communism," "Capitalism," "Socialism," "Pantheism," "Materialism," "Socialism in Massachusetts," "Liberty," and is addressed "to the philosophers and politicians." It views the relations of labor and capital from the metaphysical side, and is largely occupied with definitions. Of these we quote the following, which will be found to convey, in the author's own language, the main points argued in this second part: Transcendentalism is the denial of the very existence of capital, i. e. of things which are not spirit, and with which man is related; and Communism is an application of transcendentalism in a more limited sphere of science. The materialist affirms the existence of capital, and denies the existence of the laborer. The transcendentalist is a fanatical radical; the materialist is a bigoted conservatist. The pantheist denies the existence of subject and object,—the laborer and capital.—Hyper-Calvinism, by denying men's free-will, by its doctrine of irresistible grace and human inability, and continual miracles, is Pantheism. Transcendentalism is the philosophy of the right of the strongest, and therefore destroys equality.—Materialism is the philosophy of the existing fact, and therefore is destructive to liberty. Socialism is the philosophy of a Theocracy—a government, resting on some supposed Divine order, and is destructive to both liberty and equality. It is in the union and harmony of these systems that the truth is to be found. Liberty is the right which every human being possesses of aspiring toward God, by the development of that threefold human nature,—physical, intellectual, and moral,—on which the image of God is stamped. Liberty is the right of each against all; equality is the right of all against each; liberty and equality find their harmony in the higher principle of Fraternity.

We have thus given an abstract of this remarkable production. Bearing throughout the marks of original and strong thought, abounding in examples of vivid illustration and genuine wit, written in a style of singular clearness, concentration and energy, it deserves more than ordinary consideration. If it were as sound as it is vigorous, it would deserve to be circulated as a tract, in every village and common school of the land. Our own feeling, after giving it a thorough and interested reading, was that some competent person ought to answer it. And we can assure our most accomplished financiers and political economists that none of them need apprehend a compromise of dignity in an encounter with such an adversary.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING CHRISTIANITY.

"Christianity is the wisdom of God brought down among us to do good to men." [Taylor's Sermon. The Righteousness Evangelical.

I have always admired the story which has come to us of the old Grecian, who, being asked what God is, respectfully requested time to think of the question, and finally confessed that the longer he thought the less was he able to answer. And still more do I feel the greatness of that reverence which led the ancient Hebrews to substitute for the Highest Name, another expression less sacred and mysterious. Other devout men of the East are slow to pronounce the word which designates to their minds, the Supreme Essence; they dwell on it rather in silence of contemplation. A kindred instinct has sometimes in the building of temples placed in the inmost and most secret part, the symbolic shrine of the Divinity. Neither the intellect interprets, nor the aspiration reaches, the Absolute Being. The devout soul is dumb when looking toward the Mystery. Nay, little as the western mind sympathizes with the eastern passiveness, I can hardly decline some respect for the feeling which has led devotees to sit day after day, totally abstracted from external things, fixing the eye on a single portion of the body, speaking no word, almost suppressing thought, that they may win the divine vision. Plato's phrase, meditation of death, has been often misunderstood; he did not mean, I apprehend, thinking however intently of death, but something far deeper than this, the inward act and experience of death; that is, the departure of the soul from its natural environments into an interior sphere of life, of action, and consciousness. All these diversified methods of expression, besides their other suggestions, indicate a hidden presence, a divine secret, before which the soul stands in silent awe, still asking that it may be revealed. There is an Infinite Mystery.

But the mystery descends into the range of consciousness. As it developes itself in the affections and impulses [illegible] universal benevolence,—through all intermediate degrees to the lowest of animal existence, the soul perceives it as Love. As it appears in the thoughts, through their various stages from heaven to earth, the mind pronounces it Truth. Thence Love and Truth are not really two, but one,—the same reality as opened within different apartments of the human consciousness. According to the Rabinical interpretation, it is known, the seraphim designate beings glowing with love; the cherubim, those who see the truth in clear vision. Both however, to pursue the thought, look toward the same divine Sun. God is One, though the fervent soul adores the Love, and the searching mind asks and welcomes the Truth. Thus John appears to me to have pronounced the primal fact of existence, when he said, God is Love. For the first and highest of his communications is the secret attraction by which he draws the spirit to himself. Only through this vital attraction does the Father lead his children to the perception of his own presence and image in humanity.

It is this Love insouling Truth, this Truth unveiling Love, wherein the Divine Wisdom appears to consist. Unlike either cunning, which is sagacious in the preparation of its means, but careless whether its ends are good or evil, or imprudence, which may choose good ends, but fails of adjusted means, Wisdom, even in its human developments, consists in provision of great ends by means corresponding in greatness. Thus its will is benevolence, as its thought is truth; its soul goodness, as its form proportion; and, its vital love absent, it is but folly fanciving and showing itself foresight. Adopting the bodily emblems, Shaftesbury, so Locke tells us, was wont to say that Wisdom lay in the heart, not in the head. Something analogous to this may be suggested in the old mythologies: it was not all who saw the god when he appeared; only those whose senses were opened to the discernment. So when, under higher influences, the Lord appeared to Paul, he saw what others around him did not see, he heard a voice which his companions did not hear. Always evil is blind to truth, the reality of good; always the good detects the true, form and mirror of itself. When from lower indications of these qualities we rise to their infinite source and prototype, the principle is apparent:—The Divine Wisdom is Love revealing itself according to its own laws to the mind. The mystery becomes open, as outflowing philanthropy. This, God is. This, Christianity is.

What indeed are we to deem Christianity? Not surely an island struck off and floating away from God, nor yet that same island stayed and moored in mid-ocean by the hands of men. Not, in simpler words, a pandect or institute of prescribed laws to be studied and learned as one would study and learn those of a Justinian; not a declaration of dogmas and rites, to be used as the traditional believer would use the Nicene or Athanasian creeds, or as the superstitious devotees would accept a Catholic image or a papal decree. Christianity is other, higher, more vital than this; nearer to divinity, nearer to humanity; God revealed in his everlasting presence to the soul. I would not say, brought down to man, his bosom and his business; for to the bosom, far as its inmost secresy, he is ever present, to the business he is always as near as the hand which carries it, or as the life whence all activity flows: it is only wanted that the prescience be discerned: he descends into us, not really, but apparently, when we are raised to the consciousness that he is everywhere. The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not, is the perpetual confession of the obedient spirit. T. T. S.

"The Church and the Times;" "The Single and Evil Eye;" "The Christian Idea of Life, Duty and Providence;" discourses preached by THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Who is Mr. Thomas L. Harris? Some of our readers may not need to be told that he is an independent preacher of Christianity, as he understands it, at the Stuyvesant Institute in New York city.—Mr. Harris is still young. He appears to be an earnest advocate of the regeneration of society, and the application of the moral and spiritual truths of the New Testament to common life. From these discourses we are not able to gather his theology; indeed we are not by any means sure he has any theology. He is certainly no sectarist. He takes his place within the church, and would have the church made more free and enterprising. He reckons himself among reformers, but he would wish the Church to be the great leader and conductor of all humane movements, and more alive to the calls of the age and the interests of mankind than he conceives her to be at present. His style is ambitious, but energetic; rather pointed than classical, and discovers a lively and vigorous, though undisciplined imagination. We know of Bishops and other dignitaries who have attained higher places than he probably ever will, with not half his original force. We are afraid that, among other things, the excesses of his rhetoric will stand in his way. How Evangelical his faith may be, we are not at liberty, from anything we have read or heard, to say. He disclaims Pantheism, and somewhat timidly professes supernaturalism. He would sincerely desire to be a servant of the spiritual interests of men. Of this he is clearly capable. He ought to study philosophy and mathematics, and cherish a profound respect for common sense. There is danger that he will mistake novelty of expression for originality of thought, and in the copious use of some of the favorite terms of modern speculation fall into a common species of cant. Aims so pure, and powers so good, and an opportunity so free and fair as his, should not be perverted or wasted by any want of genuine wisdom. We understand his services at the Institute are attended and admired by a considerable body of people.

We quote the following as a specimen of his style of sermonizing.

TEXT,—"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches." Rev. ii: 11.

We behold upon the Earth two institutions of coeval antiquity and of universal prevalence; the Church, which represents the Spiritual—the State, which represents the Material, in Man.—The one has its revelation, its priesthood and its rituals, its claim of divine origin, its commands of supernatural authority; the other has its constitutions, its tribunals, its executives, armed with physical power and demanding implicit compliance. We are born, and live, and die beneath their mutual influence. Together they ratify each early compact; together they reward obedience with promises of security and peace, and menace hostility with suffering and misfortune. So from land to land, around the globed Earth, the Church rears its altars, and the State its citadels. So from age to age flow down the divine precepts of Religion, and the inexorable requirements of law. The Church, by its precepts, seeking to unite the soul with God, and to mediate between Earth and Heaven; the State, by its Laws, endeavoring to reconcil[illegible]

But in our time, both Church, and State seem menaced with destruction. The Church is mocked by skepticism without, and convulsed by sectarism within: the State rocked with inward antagonism, and menaced by external difficulties.—All Religion seems threatened with subversion, for Conservatism uses it as a convenient tool, and Radicalism hates it as the enemy of change. All Government is menaced with destruction, for the wasters of the Old know not how to build the New. The Church has ceased to guide the progressive movement of Humanity. Measurably, at least, she is outgrown by Science—divorced from Art and Genius—made the slave of Wealth—the prize of Ambition—the instrument of Tyranny—the freeman's persecutor—the bad man's tool. The Government has ceased to harmonize the Peoples. It is denounced as oppressive by the Radical, and contemned as incapable by the Conservative. It ceases to afford protection either to living labor or vested capital. It proves itself insufficient to grapple with and to settle the Social Problem of the age. Europe is rocked by the earthquake of Revolution, and America slumbers over the pent volcano-fires of hostile interest and divergent race. Thus Government and Religion are destined to a fiery ordeal; thus the institutions of the authoritative Past seem disappearing in the vortex of the revolutionary Future; thus alike on the watch-towers of Church and State men stand aghast before the destroying tendencies of a subversive Age.

Now, politic men ask how to preserve Government, and devout men how to save Religion, and it appears to me that these questions may both be answered in one simple affirmation: The Salvation of the Church will secure the Salvation of the World. Government can no more exist without Religion than Nature without God. If the divine life of the Church can be renewed: if once more an influence can flow from it, like that which once flowed, miraculous with moral healing, from the personality of Christ: if thus it can present the spectacle of a moral, spiritual Unity, around it, drawn by its all-powerful attraction, shall crystalize into beautiful order all social interests and material authorities:—the Church, a living soul, shall mould into its own likeness the plastic body of the State. The Religious sentiment is inmost in man, taking the form of Duty; the Social sentiment is outward, taking the form of Interest. Duty and Interest, vital Religion and public Order, harmonize when understood. Christianize the Church, and it will re-organize the State; the Body conforming to the divine symmetry of the Soul.

But how shall the Church be recovered from dismemberment, raised from the dead, inspired with a divine vitality? How, in other words, shall that Religious Sentiment and that Divine Revelation, which are both abstract and ideal, be brought into the concrete, bodily, fact of a representative institution? How shall the WORD once more be made flesh and dwell among us, a saving, regenerative Life? The answer to these queries will now demand our thought.

Seven human classes and interests unfold upon earth and contend for mastery. These may be indicated by the terms Reason—Art—Eloquence—Power—Philanthropy—Wealth—Want.—There are seven classes of men and seven divergent interests whose prominent features these terms will indicate. These classes and interests, if I may so speak, make up the living body of the world. All accessible individuals in each of these classes of minds must be, by individual action, quickened by the Life of Christ, which is the Spirit of the Church, and impressed with the idea of duty and the fact of revelation. Those minds thus christianized must not be withdrawn from the avocations to which they naturally tend, but must carry a religious spirit and purpose into each act of life. Thus one divine spirit in time will flow into all souls: from them into all interests. Thus from the depraved, discordant wrecks of earth a Divine Humanity shall arise at last. The Church must act through the powers of the world as the spirit acts through the faculties of its form. Through the world's Reason it must idealize philosophy and prove its revelations. Through its Artistic faculties it must make music and painting and sculpture the mediums through which to impress men with the sweetness of love and the beauty and majesty of goodness. Through Poetry and Eloquence it must animate the world to the deeds of heroic virtue. Through Power it must embody its ideas in law and government. Through Philanthropy it must find out and estroy each case of unknown and unjust suffering. Through Wealth it must gain those material energies that shall be needed in its benignant ministrations. Through Want it must excite the sympathies of the race, and inspire those universal vows that shall end in its entire extinction. The Church, by individual action, must move the world as the spirit moves the body, by acting on its every atom.—God's representative on earth it must create around it a new and better paradise, an empire of holiness, fraternity and peace. Let us go on more in detail to look into this field of universal operation, and mark the feature of this magnificent design. * * * *

The World's last estate is that of WANT. This forms a distinct grade of interest. Our Divine Master has said: "The Poor ye have always with you." The Poor are not eminently ignorant, vicious, prodigal and incapable. Wisdom, Refinement, Genius, Religion have their representatives among these men of sorrows.—Now, in our time the masses of the Poor begin to level at the Church a deadly hate. Those who most of all require its divine, consoling and sustaining influences are for the most part driven by distrust into rejection and denial. They rush from their unpitied agony to the dark legends of Materialism or to the impracticable visions of the Owenite. They are alike orphaned of God and Hope. They fly in despair to the destruction of all laws and the subversion of all society. And oh! blame not those little ones of our good Father if they are thus maddened and estrayed; for once the poor were the hope of the Church, and sent wisdom by its counsels and devotion to its altars, and yielded a sacred band, the forlorn hope of piety, most brave in the fiercest battle, building of their impregnable spirit a bulwark against the foe. They never abandoned religion till the Church abandoned them—abandoned by delivering them bound hand and foot to the extortions of atheistic Mammon—abandoned by refusing to hear their moans, "like the moans of some dumb creature in distress," and by driving them with ignominy from its locked pews and its select communion—abandoned by forgetting the injunction, "Feed my Lambs," and by yielding them to the shearing and the slaughter without pity and without remorse.

Once more Christianity, the "religion of suffering," whose Divine Founder had no place wherein to lay his head, must welcome the poor and needy to its best enjoyments, to its highest privileges, "without money and without price." It must throw over those helpless and smitten ones the broad shield of its protection and authority; it must scare oppression from its prey with a terrible anathema; it must secure to every plan for their social relief a fair and thorough trial; it must welcome them to its feasts of piety and its schools of instruction; it must send out Art for their refinement, and Philanthropy for their ingathering: it must charge itself with the care of those who have no helper; its motto must be the apostolic precept: "We that are strong ought to bear the burdens of the weak."

Thus, my brethren, the Christian Church can penetrate, with her divine influence, the seven circling spheres of human development, interest and activity;—thus reach each man, woman and child in Christendom, and, in reaching, reconcile, educate and save;—thus spiritualize all classes, and, in spiritualizing, unite and harmonize them all;—thus pass from Sectarism to a living Unity; thus solve the Social Enigma of the age; thus reconcile class with class, nation with nation, [illegible] each and all with God; thus draw around our [illegible] edness of Heaven.

Suffer me to add, in conclusion, that any body of disciples, united by the Religious Sentiment, the idea of Duty, the fact of Revelation, the hope of Immortality, can begin this providential work, the Regeneration of the Church, and through it the Salvation of the World. The Divine Life, Light and Order, is in all Churches, in travail to be born. Each sect, however partial or incomplete, has within it the germ of completeness and the desire of unity, the elements of construction and the spirit of beauty and of love. There need be no subversion, no revolution, only faithfulness to increasing light, and a desire, individually and collectively, to arise to "the stature of the perfect man in Christ." This will lead the good *of* all to see the good *in* all, and, by the assimilation of truth and good, to be agreed and harmonized all as one.

What, then, remains for us, as individual disciples, to do, is to cultivate a catholic spirit and a comprehensive charity—to hail each dawn of light—to follow the Angels of the Advent, Duty, Reverence, and Love. Then, when the Universal Catholicity of the Future shall arise, as in God's providence it must, without the noise of the workmen in the adjustment of stone with stone, we shall each occupy a place in that New Jerusalem, Jesus Christ being the head of the corner. Then shall the Star of Prophecy melt in the Sunrise of Fulfilment. Then shall the Kingdom of God come in power and great glory, and Earth be wedded to Heaven, by the "Unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

LIFE'S CONTRAST.

[From Mr. Bartol's new volume of Sermons.]

The transient and the abiding in the nature and experience of man—this is, indeed, a contrast which it well becomes us to consider.—The great mistake that human beings make is in regarding perishable things as though they were imperishable, and so fastening on them the feelings and expectations which belong only to the imperishable. Christianity does not forbid us to have any regard for what is perishable and passing away. Jesus Christ brought no ascetic religion into the world. He came eating and drinking, looking with pleasure on the lily of the field and on the whiteness of the harvest, gladdening the marriage festival, as he turned water into wine, and gracing with his presence the social table and endearing intercourse of domestic life. Nor can one trace of any thing austere or morbid be detected in his whole conversation and career. And he does not bid us d g a cave, and hide ourselves from all that is bright and gladsome around us, fleeting though it be. He is not morose at human gayety, even though every sound of it must die away in the grave; nor misanthropic at aught of grace and beauty that the eye can behold, though the moth and worm shall quickly have it for their legacy. But what he and his apostles insist on is, that we shall graduate and proportion our interest in all things according to their worth, making a right valuation, bearing with a due interest on the passing connections of time, yet resting our whole weight only on what will surely to the end support us, taking strongest hold of that we can keep hold of forever. Do we not need this counsel?

To put in its right light the contrast I would bring out, suppose some inhabitant of that upper world—as it is thought departed spirits may—to lift the curtain, and look in upon these scenes in which we mingle. To one whose eye looks from his high station, how small and obscure this lower world, the dim, narrow entrance-way to the more glorious mansions of the Father's house! He knows that authentic tidings of the great region he dwells in have reached the ears of that crowd of mortals who move along through this entry of the spiritual world. As the sickly generation of creatures advance, the angel-spectator scans the occupations in which they engage. What a thrill of amazement shoots through his breast to observe such multitudes living as though these narrow earthly steps to the great temple beyond were themselves the whole universe, studiously averting their eyes from the gate that leads to the immense splendors of the inner sanctuary, and spending all their thought and labor upon adorning and making comfortable the porch they are so rapidly passing through, strangely dreaming that they are not rapidly passing through it; and even working themselves into the practical belief, that they are not to pass through it at all; and, though the door of that eternal world is not for one moment at rest, as soul after soul, with instantaneous and uninterrupted succession, goes along, these ranks just in the rear, with astounding coolness, seeming busy only in putting around themselves all the fixtures of a permanent abode!

One is wholly absorbed in giving free scope to sense and appetite and superficial fancy, thinking how the passing hour may be most filled with amusement, heedless of the concerns of the vast futurity, if the moment may but sparkle with pleasure; his whole course fitly symbolized by that of the man of whom we read, who delayed preparing a grave-stone, that he might finish a marble toy!

Another seems taken up entirely with swelling his pile of gold. He bends steadily down over it, and, as he stoops, gives up the lustre of heaven for its glitter. He grudges every atom which benevolence begs from his heap. He smiles with new satisfaction at his increasing revenue, as his cheek grows ever-more pale and his health withers, and employs his last feeble strength to drag his treasure to the very edge of his mortal term, where he slips suddenly down, and his riches remain coldly shining for his eye no more. What a contrast is this! The wealth of mind and heart, of ever-growing worship and love, given up as the mere purchase-money of his accumulated dross!

But yet another sight that angelic witness as surely beholds, and, oh! there is not a pleasanter sight beneath the sun than that of a man rich for this world and for the world to come; the favored son of fortune, but still more the humble child of God; his purse of gold not closed, but turned into the horn of plenty; his eye not hard to the suffering destitute, but soft with melting charity; his hand not shut with the avaricious grip, when Religion asks aid to sustain her institutions, but lavish to every good cause; yea, of a man who rejoices, more than an old alchemist over the supposed discovery of a philosopher's stone, at the opportunity to transmute the treasure of earth into that of heaven. Here surely the principle is illustrated aright in a contrast just and holy.

This, then, without further illustration, is the lesson of our text. Be not deceived in your estimate. Distinguish the things that differ. Observe the contrasts that God has established. Is the New Testament true? Shall these great scenes of judgment and doom, of weal or woe, according to the deeds of the flesh, be soon ushered in? Make not, then, the enormous miscalculation of leaving so vast an element out of your account. Even in this life, the contrast between things earthly and things heavenly sometimes demonstrates itself in striking results. The distinct consequences of diverse characters are especially marked, as men advance in life towards old age; and the rewards and retributions already bestowed seem to anticipate the judgment-day. With the old man whose aims have been worldly alone, see how object after object that has engaged him fails, or the passions that sought them are worn out; and the wearied, uninterested soul, having laid hold of nothing but what was subluinary and crumbling, lingers out the wretched remainder of earthly existence, with fading hope and declining strength, weak, objectless, irritable, and remorseful, to an ignoble end! How different the case of the old man who, through all his pilgrimage of years, has trusted the word of God, has believed in the realities it reveals, and has acted with daily reference to them! His faltering footsteps but indicate his drawing near to where the road rises up to heaven.... The shine of the [illegible] falling more directly upon him. His ever-increasing affections contradict the infidel's idea, that mental decline runs parellel with bodily decrepitude. An earthly crown of glory is placed on his hoary head, prophetic of that which God shall place to rest there for ever.

As I walked through the lanes of yonder growing forest, on our beautiful common, the dry leaves crushing under my feet, and the sinking sun taking its last look on the bare boughs of the trees, I met a man on whom the blow of grief had descended as sorely as upon any, and with oft-repeated stroke. A new sorrow had just fallen on his gray head, and long-diseased, emaciated frame. While I approached, he was slowly eyeing the setting sun. As he turned his face towards me, I looked to see the marks of deep, uncomforted sadness wearing mournfully in upon his features. But no: not a trace of trouble in that eye which had so often looked on death in the forms of those he had most loved. His vision gleamed as though a light beyond that of the setting sun had fallen upon it. He spoke; and now, thought I, the secret melancholy will perradventure come forth, and mingle in the tone, though this unnatural excitement be kindled in the eye. No: pleasant was the voice, without one plaintive note. He spoke of faith. He spoke of loyalty to God and duty. He spoke of heaven as though it was near. He said nothing of being hardly dealt with, nor hinted aught about not understanding why *he* should be selected for such trials, but seemed to think there was nothing but God's mercy and kindness in the world. He bore a staff to support his drooping limbs. But he seemed to me, as I looked upon him, to have an inward stay that would hold him up when all earthly props had fallen to the ground. He was a Christian believer; and, though prospered of God in this world, he said, "The riches we think so much of gathering together are nothing in comparison with the better portion that rich and poor alike may attain."—We parted; and as I walked along again among the fading, rustling leaves, which had been expounding to me the text of this discourse, they took up new eloquence of meaning. The bare, cold ground, the gray chilly sky, and the long shadows, that told of the lengthening night, seemed beautiful—yes, pleasant and beautiful—to my soul; more beautiful even than the herbage and balm, and long, long sunny hours of the enlivening spring. For once, the contrast between earth and heaven was revealed to my mind; and the dissolving emblems of mortality under my feet, and the cold, shifting mists over my head, were transformed from sad tokens into symbols of hope and joy.

So let the season speak, not mournfully but cheeringly, to our hearts. Let gladness breathe upon us in the sigh of the autumnal breeze, and consolation be traced for us in the furrows of the dead, exhausted earth. Let all that is dark and disappointing in this world but set off the brightness and expectation of heaven. Let the gloom that settles down over our earthly scenes and prospects be but the background of a splendor from the sun that never sets. Then shall we turn the principle of contrast which God has so wisely inwrought into the constitution of our minds to its true, intended use. Successive seasons and years shall but find us farther advanced on the way to a blessed destiny. And when the curtain of death is drawn over our eyes, as the curtain of night over the landscape, like that curtain it will reveal above more glory than it conceals below.

CALIFORNIA.

Shall our young men go to California? What does New England expect of those who go? The following extracts in reply to these questions are from a sermon by Rev. W. P. Lunt of Quincy.

We should probably all of us be slow, if we were called upon for counsel in individual cases, to assume the responsibility of advising one of our friends to leave a sure, though it were a scanty, living, amidst the comforts and privileges of such a community as ours, for the chance of securing wealth at such a cost. We should be quite likely to frame our advice in such cases by the maxims of prudence, and to say, stay at home. At least we should, if honest and candid in giving our minds, urgently insist, that those who were bent upon the adventure should engage in it with their eyes open; that they should rid themselves of all unnecessary delusions; that they should fairly estimate the hazards and labors before them; that they should clearly understand that not even gold, any more than the crops which the earth yields to patient husbandry, can be gathered from the ground without labor; that there will be here no exemption from the law under which man is brought into existence,—that in the sweat of his face he shall eat bread. We should insist kindly, but plainly, upon their considering the kind of associates among whom they must be thrown; the state of society, or rather of no society, into which they must be introduced, and the loss of those moral and religious privileges to which they have been accustomed. All this we should feel bound honestly and plainly to present. And the advice, when given, would have as much influence as advice generally has. Prudential considerations, as we all know, have but little weight, when the imagination is excited by the picture of some great good in prospect, and the mind is mastered and moved by a strong passion.

And it is well for the world that motives stronger than prudential considerations do sometimes influence human beings. If it were not so, no generous offices would be assumed by men; no missions in behalf of science or philanthropy would ever be planned and executed; there would be no heroic acts for history to record, and no saints and martyrs in the calendar. * *

It cannot fail to be regarded by us as one of the chief purposes of Providence in opening such an inexhaustible mine of wealth in the most distant part of our territory, to promote and to quicken the settlement of that region. It belongs to us, it is a part of our country. It cannot now become an independent country. It terminates, by the natural boundary of another ocean, the vast spaces over which our restless and constantly advancing people can spread, and carry with them the political, social, moral, and Christian privileges which we enjoy. * * *

When it is taken into view, that the colony now so rapidly forming on the Pacific, must be chiefly composed of Anglo-Americans; that it will, in course of time, grow into a permanent, well-ordered community, and not remain, as it is now, a mere rendezvous of adventurers, collected from the four winds of heaven, in quest of one glittering object; that it is destined to exert a powerful and important influence, through its position, and by help of its mineral wealth, when the business of gathering and distributing that wealth shall become, by the division of labor, and by the adjustment of all values, a settled and systematic branch of industry as much as any other; when it is considered how much the planting of a flourishing colony on the western sea-coast will facilitate and hasten the settlement of the wide spaces that lie intermediate between the hither limit of our fixed population and that far off shore; when we consider, also, the new impulse and direction which will be likely to be given, eventually, to the commerce of the world, and the force that will, in this way, be brought to bear in favor of civilization, freedom, peace, and even Christianity, we cannot but mingle with the doubts which prudence may well suggest in regard to the individuals who may embark in the enterprise, a deep and real interest in the general movement. * * * *

What does New England expect of those of her children whom she dismisses from her firesides, from her quiet, order-loving, compact communities, from her Christian churches, on this physically and morally hazardous enterprise, which is now inflaming so much the minds of our people? Of the value of industry, patience, These belong to the nature of our inhabitants, seem to be inborn qualities of character, which are sure to show themselves wherever the native of the eastern section of our country goes. * *

But, besides these traits, which dispose and qualify the New Englander for perpetual, untiring, gainful motion round the globe, it is most desirable, and it may with reason be expected,—aye, demanded,—of those who go out to the far west from our section of the country, that they carry there, to mingle in the mass, which is growing larger and larger, the leaven of those sound moral qualities which have made us what we are at home, and which can alone insure true success and durable prosperity any where. Every man who casts in his lot with a new colony, ought to carry with him somewhat of the missionary spirit. And especially in the present case, inasmuch as the region to which the emigrant directs his face is not merely a place where he is to busy himself for a brief season in gathering what he covets, and then to leave it and take no more thought about it, but is a part of our common country, no true patriot can regard it without a deep interest in the future condition and character of the communities which are sure to be gathered there under the protection of our national government. New England confidently expects that every one of her sons who goes there will have forecast, public spirit, philanthropy enough in his mind, to take thought for those things that will be likely to promote the intellectual enlightenment, the moral elevation, and the Christian stability and purity of the settlement. Every thoughtful man going into a new country, and especially into a region where there is no regular government, has an argument of impressive weight addressed to his mind,—a voice, as it were, issuing out of the social and moral chaos around him, pleading the cause of order and morality in tones made earnest and solemn by extreme necessity. Every New England man that goes to the Pacific, and neglects, according to the measure of his influence, and, as far as opportunity shall allow, to contribute his share, both by word and act, by example and by precept, to promote the cause of honesty, of sobriety, of education, of private and public virtue, will be called to account by the just demands of that public opinion which he leaves behind him, and which is sure to make itself heard and felt in every part of the land.

Again too, if, as may not unlikely be the case, a question of freedom or slavery shall be raised on that distant territory; and if any man who goes out from the land of the Revolution, where democratic freedom, we may safely say, is as well understood in theory, and as fully enjoyed in fact, as in any quarter of the globe, shall dare to lift his finger in support of slavery, if he fail to exert all his influence in favor of freedom, and to prevent the moral and political poison from flowing into the veins of that youthful community, a curse, and not a blessing, shall be uttered upon that recreant son; and although he were successful enough, in his labors in the rocks and river-beds, to make him as rich as Solomon, he shall have cause to exclaim, "How is the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed," by such turpitude!

Finally, the New England churches, (and what would New England have been in the past,—what would she be now, without her churches!) confidently expects of all her sons who join in this great western movement, that they should do what they can, all that they can, in every possible way, to spread Christian influences around them. Let them esteem it the highest of duties not to forget the sacred claims of religion,—claims which cannot be set aside or neglected with safety, wherever human beings may be gathered. Let them hasten, as soon as possible, to rear an altar, however simple and rude, at which they may revive the religious life in their souls, and renew, in the felt presence of God, their vows of obedience and virtue.

Those who are ready to go out from us, inspired and directed by such sound, sensible, and holy principles, as I have named, will carry with them the blessings and prayers of good men. Those who are impelled by such a spirit deserve success. But whether they succeed or not, they may have an opportunity to leave behind them an enduring impress of their good moral qualities, and of contributing somewhat, though it should be but a mite, to give a Christian shape to the materials which are now tossed together in a social chaos of which the world has hitherto had no example.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

The following list of the sovereigns of England, with the terms of their individual reign, will be found convenient for reference:—

First, William the Norman; then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry; then Richard and John;
Next Henry the third; Edwards, one, two and three;
And again, after Richard, three Henries we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotchman; then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too.
Next Jamie the second ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, the Georges and William all past,
God sent us Victoria—may she long be the last!

William I.	1066 to 1087
William II.	1087 — 1100
Henry I.	1100 — 1135
Stephen	1135 — 1154
Henry II.	1154 — 1189
Richard I.	1189 — 1199
John	1199 — 1216
Henry III.	1216 — 1272
Edward I.	1272 — 1307
Edward II.	1307 — 1327
Edward III.	1327 — 1377
Richard II.	1377 — 1399
Henry IV.	1399 — 1413
Henry V.	1413 — 1422
Henry VI.	1422 — 1461
Edward IV.	1461 — 1483
Edward V.	1483
Richard III.	1483 — 1485
Henry VII.	1485 — 1509
Henry VIII.	1509 — 1547
Edward VI.	1547 — 1553
Mary I.	1553 — 1558
Elizabeth	1558 — 1603
James I.	1603 — 1625
Charles I.	1625 — 1649
(Commonwealth)	1649 — 1660
Charles II.	1660 — 1685
James II.	1685 — 1689
William III. and Mary II.	1689 — 1694
William III. alone	1694 — 1702
Anne	1702 — 1714
George I.	1714 — 1727
George II.	1727 — 1760
George III.	1760 — 1820
George IV.	1820 — 1830
William IV.	1830 — 1837

VICTORIA, MDCCCXXXVII.

REFORMED MEN.

We copy the following article from the *Independent* with some misgivings. It is an ungracious thing to state the severe truth in such a case; but it ought to be stated. At the same time, we must say, that while we assent to the truth of what the *Independent* has said, we would also recognise the great good which has been accomplished by "reformed men." The mistake has been to bring them forward merely as reformed men, without regard to their moral and intellectual fitness for the position which they have been called to occupy.—It was not because he was once a sinner, but because he was now a saint, that St. Paul was promoted to such dignity, while some of our reformed reformers would seem, from the stress they lay on their previous degradation, to regard that as their chief qualification for the office they have now assumed.

At the close of a recent article we intimated a design of making some suggestions on employing reclaimed men as public reformers. The only question respects the endorsement which they are to have from the philanthrophic and religious community. For, if a man, acting upon his own resources, and asking from others only not to be opposed, chooses to labor for any class of men, he surely has a right to all that he can do.

But, generally, those who have been the victims of evil require an introduction to the public, case, it is a question of importance upon what conditions they are to have such endorsement.

We lay it down as a general rule, *that commerce with vice works a perpetual disqualification for employment as a teacher of virtue.* Every case should be settled upon this rule, unless it can be shown to be a clear and eminent exception. The idea that a man may debase himself, and then, upon an easy reformation, stand even higher than before, yea, put the virtuous aside as somewhat disqualified, for want of a graduation in the school of vice, is subversive of all sober morals. If a man can wash his character after it has been trundled through the avenues of impurity as easily as the cartman can the wheels and body of his wagon, the character and cart will be about on a par. The reasons for this are rather to be mentioned for their earnest importance than for their novelty.

1. The young should have it daily impressed upon them, that the river of vice is not shallow, nor easy of navigation. Once upon it, no man has the least assurance that he can land again. All presumptions are against it. Once embarked, the wind and current sweep down

vanity on themselves is utterly demoralizing. It infuses an element into every cause which it animates that ere long will take from it any right to be called a moral movement.

So soon as the excitements thus ministered begin to decay, the restless reformer turns hither and thither to fresh expedients; and as neither virtue nor religion gives continual and high stimulation, but rather a gentle and ever-present sweetness—a dew rather than a rain;—a serene light rather than a glare—they are too easily tempted to abandon them as unprofitable masters and go back to the vice whose secret and strength lie in its unnatural excitations.

We have given the dark side of this question unrelieved. It can hardly produce, however, a more strenuous opposition to the general or frequent public employment of men reclaimed from vice, in reformatory movements, than we wish to inspire. Other considerations, which are at rare intervals to form exceptions, we shall consider at another time. [The Independent.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, November 24, 1849.

DENOMINATIONAL EFFORTS.

The members of every prosperous Christian Society are bound to do something for the extension of Christian truth beyond themselves. The truth they possess will soon become impaired and lose its vitality and power, unless it lead to enlarged views of duty and find its fitting expression in actions corresponding to those views. However it may seem outwardly to prosper, no religious society can long remain in a flourishing condition, unless it extend its sympathies to those who have fewer privileges, and is ready to make some sacrifices for their benefit. Our religion has in its very essence something of the missionary spirit. He whose heart is glowing with Christian love, and rejoicing in the words of eternal life which are brought home to him, cannot keep that love and those words of life to himself, but longs to impart them to others; and unless he obey the call and do what he can to dispense those most precious of all gifts, his love will grow cold, and the words will be no longer the words of *life* to him. He is falling into a slow but fatal decline. The same law holds true with religious societies. When we saw a few weeks since that the Springfield Congregation had raised five hundred dollars for the advancement of their religion out of their own circle, and when afterwards we read the eminently beautiful note accompanying the gift of a Communion service to a poor society among the mountains, we felt sure that even if these gifts should do no good abroad, they would send back showers of divine mercy and love upon the hearts of those from whom they came.

Having then established this point, that the law of religious life in the soul requires that the members of every prosperous religious society should do something for the extension of religious truth beyond themselves, we come down to the more specific forms under which the question of duty presents itself. Shall we join with other denominations? Shall we help them to build up their feeble societies, to send out their missionaries, and to circulate their religious writings? In reply to this, we would say, that there are common objects, as the circulation of the Bible, and some other benevolent movements, in which we may unite with other denominations, and in such cases it does us all good to act in concert, to mingle our prayers and our efforts for a common end in the service of our common Lord. There are instances in which the claims of good neighborhood, and the Christian sympathy and kindness which are dearer than our peculiar doctrinal opinions, may require us to assist other denominations in building churches and supporting public worship. We think that some of our brethren may have carried their liberality in this direction too far, and in a few instances, may have been more ready to sustain institutions under Orthodox, than under Unitarian auspices, giving money for the aid of churches in which they would not be permitted to commemorate their Saviour's death, and to endow colleges from which a professor with their own religious views would be expelled. Whatever may be said of these instances of liberality, which we should be slow to condemn, there *are* cases, in which, from our peculiar relation to them or their peculiar claims on us, we may be called upon to join other denominations and assist them in doing their work.

But these ought to be the exceptions and not the rule. The law of charity is never to be violated; but the law of truth is also to be held sacred. Do we believe our views of Christ and of God to be true? If not, let us abandon them at once. But if we do believe them to be true, then to us they are God's truths, to bear witness to which Christ came into the world, and endured the agony of the garden and the cross. They are the truths which the evangelists, apostles and martyrs have transmitted to us with their blood. And shall we do nothing to declare them, and extend their influence? In other churches with much that we all hold in common we hear views of God that shock our reason, and disturb our sense of justice. In many Orthodox churches these views are hardly preached, still they are upheld by the great ecclesiastical organizations throughout the land. Shall we throw our influence and our money in with these churches and assist them in perpetuating their views, and their peculiar sectarian organizations? We dread the narrowness of sectarianism. Shall we then aid those who are binding their sectarian discipline on the souls of men wherever they have the power?

We may not esteem the points of difference between them and us essential. In this we do well. But as we believe our views to be gospel truths, must we not prize and value them as such? Are they not very precious to us? If the question were between laboring for the extension of Christianity as held by our Orthodox brethren, and doing nothing, we should undoubtedly feel bound to assist them. But the question is, whether we shall labor for the extension of Christianity as *we* understand it or as *they* understand it? We have the privilege of attending church, of worshipping God and learning of Jesus, in what we believe to be the simplicity and truth of the Gospel. But in many places, our brethren, sympathizing with us in our religious views, are shut out from what we enjoy, and obliged to worship, where they are not admitted to the privileges of Christian fellowship, but reproached as unbelievers unless they subscribe to articles which we and they believe to be false. In many places where our brethren are so situated, with a little help from us for a few years, they will be able to form societies and sustain public worship. Is it not our duty to assist them? There are many in distant places hungering for the simple truths of our religion presented in such a way as to satisfy their minds and move their hearts. We have books which would go to them at our bidding as angels of mercy, consoling, instructing, strengthening and encouraging them. Shall we not from our superabundance contribute something for this end? Our brothers, sisters, neighbors and children, are going from us to new regions through the whole west. Other denominations are sending out their missionaries and teachers to educate, and Christianize the land, that wherever the tide of human beings goes, *their* knowledge and *their* peculiar views of Christianity may also go. We rejoice in their labors. But shall we not also send out *our* teachers and *our* missionaries, not to war against them, but to do our part of the work—a part which they cannot do, that the divine truths which are so essential to us may be proclaimed abroad, and help to form the characters and institutions of the new nations that are growing up as parts of our great confederacy? Shall we confine ourselves to our own city, or town, or church? Shall our liberality do nothing to Christianize the mighty impulse which is building cities, and laying the foundation of empires in the West? There never, since the landing of the Pilgrims, has been such a call for Missionary efforts as now. Can we resist it?

But how shall we contribute to this great work? By furnishing emigrants, whom we know, with tracts, books and our periodical writings. When we can send nothing else, we can send our religious papers, which will go punctually every week, silent preachers in a thousand homes—speaking to those who have gone from among us, by their slightest notices, of kindred and friends, and the dear privileges of their childhood, and the holy offices of religion to which they often look back with tears. We may send Dr. Channing's works to distant places. We may help to support other missionaries—living men—and, where there is encouragement for it, we may assist in forming and sustaining religious societies. We may aid our Theological schools in the education of young men, who shall go out to preach our views of Christ, and his promises to man.

What we can do directly as individuals, for specific objects, it is best that we should do ourselves, rather than through other agencies. But there are great objects which we would gladly promote, for which we can only contribute our mite and join it to a common stock. So if religious societies happen to know of some specific measure for the advancement of the cause, to which they can heartily commit themselves and their means, this is unquestionably their best mode of action. But it often happens that as societies, we may not be well informed as to the way in which our contributions may be made most effective. Then, we can entrust our funds to the American Unitarian Association, a society formed chiefly through the influence of Henry Ware, Jr., and whose affairs are, we believe, administered with conscientious fidelity. Its officers are among our ablest, wisest and most faithful men, ministers and laymen, who correspond extensively with our brethren in all parts of the country, who know where and how our funds may be applied to the best advantage, who meet often for consultation, and who, except the two secretaries who act entirely under their direction, receive for their labor no other compensation than the satisfaction of laboring in what they consider a cause of the most genuine and extended Christian benevolence. It is difficult to procure the funds they need. Shall not our societies consider well their responsibilities, and whether they should not contribute liberally to the support of the Association? We feel sure that the funds thus contributed will be judiciously applied, and that they will reach their destination with the least possible waste by the way.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

We do not refer to the barbarities of the cock-pit and the turf; to the dying agonies of the poor, inoffensive victims of field-sports; nor to "the intense and revolting study which has been given to the connexion between modes of killing, and the flavor or delicacy of those viands which are served up to gentle-looking creatures who form the grace and ornament of our polished society, the connoisseurs of a refined epicureanism who have discovered that there is a sequence between an exquisite death, and an exquisite preparation of cookery;" nor to those enamored worshippers of science who can elicit the laws of nature at the expense of dreadest suffering; who can make some quaking, quivering animal the subject of their hapless experiment, who like inquisitors of old, extort every secret of the animal's constitution by an instrument of torture; who can probe their unfaltering way among the vitalities of a system which shrinks, and palpitates, and gives forth at every movement of their steadfast hand the pulsations of deepest agony,—all, to clasify the phenomena of sensation, or to measure the tenacity of animal endurance." We have not in mind either extreme, whether of grossness or of refinement, in the infliction of animal suffering,—because it is probable neither would be reached by our remonstrance. But we beg our readers to consider whether there are not some methods by which they are themselves, in moderate degrees, guilty of unfeeling, inconsiderate treatment of helpless brutes. It is always one of the worst forms of injury, adding meanness to hardness of heart, when the pain is borne by an inferior, and unequal, and unresisting object. And on the other hand, hardly a higher development of the true spirit of humanity has appeared in modern times than that which has organized itself and put forth systematic exertions, for the merciful relief of the noble horse, the patient ox, the faithful and affectionate dog, or the domestic cat.

Our special object now is to solicit the lively attention and kindest sympathies of our readers to the exposed condition of horses. Space would fail us even to enumerate the ways by which this generous creature is subjected to suffering, disease, discomfort and death, all, through the wicked neglect, or the reckless ambition, or the thoughtless unconcern of the owner or driver. Nothing sooner makes us sick with shame for human kind, than to hear of a horse driven to death. Could the torment daily and needlessly inflicted by the whip and spur alone be duly estimated, it would shock the sensibilities of all right-hearted men. How many a generous, spirited animal is urged on, from the mere transient pleasure of a swift motion, till every muscle is strained, the laboring vitals panting for breath, and every limb exhausted,—and is then left to stand shivering in a chilly, frosty air, to experience,—though without one word of complaint,—all the uneasiness and misery of a checked perspiration, stiffened joints, and afterwards a broken constitution—while meantime the driver carelessly takes his pleasure, eats, drinks and is merry inside the comfortable house! As winter comes on, we cannot wholly withdraw our thoughts from the poor creatures of God that will be obliged to suffer in streets and storms, before the season is over, waiting for the pleasure seekers at balls, parties and festivals; a suffering that might be obviated if those that occasion it, would only be punctual to their word, and use a little deliberation and conscience in making their appointments. Many a tender-hearted woman, that would faint at the sight of a surgical operation, causes tenfold the amount of pain she would shrink with horror from witnessing, by mere want of consideration. What saith the Scripture? "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast!" "The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

We plead guilty to something like a passionate attachment to the horse. Think of the horse-power at work in Boston, every day, and what mischief it might do, the woful reprisals it might make, the terrible vengeance it might execute, if the dumb creature were not so patient and so kind. The community is busied with a controversy about taking people to church by steam. What if a portion of the indignation at the Worcester Railroad were expended on the church-going maltreaters and abusers of innocent horse-flesh, and horse-mind, we had almost said.

We have lately noticed some excellent thoughts on the humane treatment of horses in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and it has just been announced that a Bill for the suppression of cruelty to animals has been passed by Parliament.

Dr. Chalmers was undoubtedly right, in his celebrated sermon, in ascribing most of this class of injuries to a want of attention, rather than to a brutal disposition. But for that very reason, the Christian duty is only the more likely to be overlooked.

IRREVERENCE.

1. A result of defective Moral Education.—2. A result of exaggerated estimates of Physical Science.

It is not without truth that the charge of abounding irreverence is laid against the people of our age and country. We heard it said not long ago of a man conspicuous in certain walks of benevolent effort, that, since he had become a philanthrophist, he had found no time for domestic devotion. And this anecdote is a type of too much of benevolent activity of our day, sustained by impulses from without, not by the spirit of lowly and confiding piety. Many, who profess themselves religious, make their religion to consist in a mere routine life of outward duty, and not in those adoring thoughts and those reverential acts, which more than all things else sustain the will and supply the strength for daily obedience and fidelity. There are also not a few, who profess to have in their own minds the standard, proportions and limits of absolute truth. They would arraign the Infinite One at the bar of their own folly. They cannot learn from him, or receive law from his dictation. His works of power, the divided sea, the riven rocks, the rent tomb, have no voice for them. In vain for them have angels spoken, and Jesus risen. Their language is: "We are and there is none beside us,—ours is understanding,—who then shall teach us wisdom?" In their own conceit their molehill overtops the universe,—their fragmentary experience comprehends the laws of all worlds and twin eternities.

Whether as cause, symptom or effect, the style of education now prevalent is closely connected with the decline of reverence. The culture of the children of our day is too exclusively intellectual. It aims, first, last, constantly, at the mere communication of knowledge and explanation of difficulties. To make a child understand every thing seems the prime object; and people dread for their children vague ideas, even when [illegible] and makes them vague. The passion for explanation affects religious, as much as it does secular culture, and too often reigns in the Sunday schools. The teacher seeks to give clear expositions rather than to make deep impressions. All the great themes of the gospel are pared, compressed, narrowed to the dimension of the child's mind, and it is forgotten that the satisfying ideas of childhood are out-grown in youth, and in after life seem so diminutive as to awaken contempt rather than reverence. We think that, in this point of view, the religious books, (in many respects excellent,) of the brothers Abbot have done harm. They often belittle the subjects which they only mean to simplify. They leave nothing for the mind to grow to,—no scope for the sanctified imagination to look out, and up, and on. They expound all the great problems of the divine nature, law and will by paltry illustrations and familiar examples,—in a style which could not be admired to excess in a school-book on grammar or arithmetic, but which is utterly grovelling and inadequate when "He who filleth immensity," is the theme. Now we do not object to the imparting of positive religious knowledge so far as it can be conveyed, but we would have impressions given on subjects which do not admit of clear and full exposition even to the loftiest mind. We would cultivate the sentiments of awe, wonder and admiration.—We would bring the young senses and soul into communion with the sublime aspects of nature, and let the heart feel their grandeur before the mind can begin to comprehend their laws. We would have forms and deeds of moral greatness early placed and diligently renewed before the child's inward vision, that he may think of goodness, not as an attribute which he can compass and possess as easily as he can add a column of figures, but as something vast and glorious, into which he must grow gradually, and in which he may grow for years and ages, and still there may be that which he can add to his virtue and his piety. While we would have his understanding developed and enlightened, we would with even more sedulous care educate the principle of *faith*, which is the *mind's reverence*. He should learn to take on trust truths which he cannot fully sound and verify, to lean on a surer discretion and submit to a higher wisdom than his own, to yield and obey with implicit confidence in all those relations of the child's life, which, while they constitute the order and beauty of the earthly household, are the only appropriate training for children of the Universal Father.

The irreverence of the present age is no doubt to be ascribed in part to its rapid growth in knowledge. Reverence always floats on the confines of the known and the unknown, and these have been of late disturbed and removed with a rapidity and violence unprecedented in former generations. Light has broken in upon portions of the creation till now shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The secondary laws of nature are no longer wrapped in obscurity. Mystery has been chased from its every earthly covert. The light of day and the thunder-bolt have been tortured for the secret of their birth, and submitted to the tests of the laboratory. The sun paints our portraits; the lightning writes our news. Superstition has shrunk into corners. Universal phantoms no longer haunt the darkness, and chase slumber from the pillow. The pervading unity of plan and purpose, which is the signature of the one God on his creation, is every where traced and owned. Mystical dogmas in theology have fled with the superstition that engendered and nourished them. The bold, vast outlines of eternal truth now stand out clear before human sight. These changes have taken place so rapidly, that men have hardly had time to adjust their mental vision to the new order of the universe. In the vanishing of chimeras that used to fill them with dread, they have not yet learned how unsearchable are the realities that now hang high in the spiritual firmament an arch over every side its far off horizon. It is as if from our infancy, a heavy, undulating mist had rested close over our heads, and concealed the orbs of heaven from our view, and this had just been cleared away so as to reveal the sun and stars. These luminaries would appear at first less vast and grand than the all-enveloping mist, and the fireball and the spangles in the sky would seem so paltry to us, that it would take months or years for us to learn and feel that they were orbs of inconceivable magnitude, centres of rejoicing worlds, ineffably glorious in their goings forth, their mission and their destiny. Thus it is with our age, morally and spiritually. We have not yet learned how infinitely more grand are the unfathomable truths, the laws co-extensive with the divine mind, which now stand alone between us and the Creator, than the petty shapes of mist and cloud, which ignorance and superstition put and kept there. The true remedy for us is to contemplate the point at which our knowledge ceases,—the profound depths in the divine counsels and purposes, which human wisdom has not yet begun to sound.—The best commentary on the utmost that man has yet learned and established is, "Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him!" The supreme cause of all things remains in part unseen, in part but dimly seen, the mysteries of his nature all unfathomed, his uncaused being, the solution of all other facts, itself unsolved. To his throne true philosophy ever points "with trembling finger and with shaded eye," and breathes the prayer indited by one of the greatest and most profound minds of modern times. "Thus also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are divine,—neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the shedding of greater natural light, anything may arise of incredulity towards divine mysteries, but rather that our minds thoroughly purged and cleansed from fancy and vanity, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's." The same true wisdom accepts, as congenial with its own conscious wants and infirmities, the assurance that the Infinite cause has himself provided a teaching for man's ignorance, a support for his weakness, a remedy for his sin.

KEEPING A RACCOON

OR DOING AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

We have seen an article going the rounds of the papers and even copied into some of our religious journals, which tells us that if we take a raccoon into the house, the rats will all be driven away. But where are they driven? To our neighbors of course. And what right have we to drive them there? We may not see them go, we may not know which of our neighbors' houses they will choose as a place of residence. But they must go somewhere and be in somebody's house, and knowing that, is it doing as we would be done by to turn them out? Our premises have sometimes been grievously infested with them, but we have never in conscience been quite reconciled to this way of ridding ourselves of their society. There are *many kinds of rats* that men turn off upon their neighbors. Several families of poor and disagreeable people occupy a wretched [illegible] and offend our taste and in many ways are a nuisance to us. So we get "a raccoon" and drive them away. But where do the poor creatures go? How are they to live? And whom are they to annoy now that they have left us? For they must be somewhere. Pressing claims of charity come into our house and would eat of our corn and take away some of our delicacies. We cannot deny that they are reasonable and just. But we think of our rich or charitable neighbors, and straightway the "raccoon" is called in, and our neighbors have a chance to exercise their kind feelings. We commend the subject to our readers. Perhaps the raccoon will in the end be as troublesome as the rats.

A PLEASANT TEMPER.

If we condemn vices according to the actual mischief which results from them, we should place the indulgence of a fretful, complaining, bad temper in the very front rank. It makes one a social nuisance. Of two men otherwise the same, one of whom is sometimes intemperate in drink, and the other temperate, except in the indulgence of a fretful, complaining disposition, we confess that we greatly prefer the former.

It is a most irreligious state of mind. It is blasphemy against Providence. It violates the fundamental principles of Christian duty. This complaining temper, hard to be pleased, easy to be offended, inverts every social precept of the gospel. It turns Paul's description of charity, like a witch's prayer, end for end. It seeks her own, is easily provoked, thinks all sorts of evil, employs itself in hunting out iniquity, beareth nothing from others, believeth all things bad of them, and hopeth nothing that is good.

One of the bad effects of a fretful temper is that it hides what is good in a man. We have known persons to whose honor and uprightness we would have intrusted our lives, persons capable of the most generous deeds, ready to labor for others, moral men and religious men, having only one fault, an uncomfortable temper; but that was on the surface, obtruding itself like an eruption, always starting up, and interfering with social intercourse; and this one infirmity, so much on the outside, hid all their virtues. They were disagreeable men. When away from them you reproached yourself that you did not like them better, you respected them, and knew that they deserved respect, but the moment you were with them, the evil spirit showed itself, and you felt thankful to have as little to do with them as possible.

One of the penalties of a complaining temper is that it prevents one from receiving the sympathy which he deserves. You wonder, my friend, that no one sympathises with you in this serious trial through which you are passing. The reason is that you have long ago monopolized more than your share of sympathy. You have been calling on people every day of your life to mourn over your sorrows, or to admire the heroism with which you bore them, and, after all, it turned out that your troubles were neither more nor less than such as your neighbors were bearing without mentioning them. You have cried wolf so often when there was no wolf, that though they hear your complainings, they do not believe there is any more foundation for them than there has been before. Besides, they cannot spend life in pitying you; they have already heard enough of your troubles, and it is time for them to pay attention to the trials of others, which your louder complainings have made them disregard.

It is martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear the eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away, by this evil spirit, is in time a soere trial. It seems nothing, but it is like a perpetual nettle, always rubbing against you, and irritating and annoying you more than the soverest injuries.

Worst of all is a bad temper in the home. Its influence is irresistibly diffused through all its members. The sunniest temper is by degrees soured by the presence of such a person. You may say that one ought not to feel the bad temper of another, but it would be equally reasonable to lay a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect. One uncomfortable temper in a family will put ajar the whole household. Its presence is like a raw north east wind, and seems to have power to penetrate into every room of the house. Where the heads of a family or its older members are cursed with such a temper, like the leprosy of old, the curse will spread to all. Domestics are neither satisfying, nor satisfied, children catch the acrid and imperative tone of voice, there is a constant suspicion of wrong and intended offence, there are taunting tones and recriminating words, and the general discomfort produced is such that the members of the family look for enjoyment to any place but home.

This may be an extreme case, but it only shows the true character of a bad and uncontrolled temper. When we see how love and kindness and all the genial virtues are withered by the frosty atmosphere which it produces, we do not hesitate to say that the indulgence of a fretful, complaining, and bad temper is one of the most mischievous vices; while the cultivation of a kind and considerate temper, of a disposition to please and to be pleased, of a state of the heart which reveals itself in kind, forbearing, pleasant thoughts, and words, and deeds, is in our judgment to be ranked among the primary virtues. Certain we are that there are many vices with much worse names, which are not a tenth part as fatal to the best qualities of the character, as the indulgence of a complaining temper.

STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

In company with a few gentlemen of the City we had the pleasure of a delightful visit on Friday last at this noble Institution at Westborough.

A walk was first taken over the spacious Farm of the school, and the present and future operations were pointed out to us. Great improvements are already made and others are proposed. We were surprised both about and in the house to find how much had been accomplished in one year. There must have been a ready mind, a good will, and no fear of labor.—One set of Boys were busy, as we passed them, digging a trench for the water pipe from the Pond to the House, and another were husking corn in the spacious Barn. We saw also the store rooms filled with vegetables, and the compost cellar worked upon in wet weather, by the Boys.

At noon the bell sounded and all hands, to the number of nearly 300, assembled from the farm and shop work to wash for dinner. An interval for play occurred in the area of the Building.—While their sports went on, we went among them to see them in their unbent mood. A healthier, happier set of boys we should not wish to see. Some few made themselves known and begged us to call upon their parents in Boston to say that they were well or to ask for letters and books. Not a single lisp was made of discontent or a desire to leave.

The whistle of a head teacher at the proper moment brought the boys to silence and order.—Four long lines were formed, and each boy wheeled about and marched to dinner. After a grace by the whole company the knives and forks clattered through the Hall. As it was Friday, the dinner was Fish, Pork and Potatoes, &c. A regular dietary is established, but the Boys evidently have enough and what they like.

After our dinner, which with their own was cooked by the boys, who do all the other house-work also, we visited the workshop in the Building, having already seen the Laundry and the kitchen. In one room we found a division of Boys knitting and darning stockings and sewing shirts, pantaloons and sacks. The work was as well done as any girls could do it. In another the boys were closing boots. These are the two principal occupations, and the pupils are put upon them alternately with out-door work. The school hours are before and after work. The two rooms were addressed by our company.

The boys have a Sunday school and two services upon the Lord's Day.

After attention to a few other points, we took leave of Mr. Lincoln, the excellent superintendent.

The Farm, Buildings, Furniture &c., have cost upwards of $100,000, but no son of Massachusetts can regret the expenditure, however fully he may be persuaded that a less sum, promptly and judiciously expended *before the boys became criminals*, might have prevented the necessity for much of this. The day itself was most beautiful, and gave us every opportunity to admire the enchanting scenery and out-door charms of this location, that would indeed seem to have been spared by a kind Providence for the holy uses to which it is now put.

C. F. B.

STEP MOTHERS.

We copied on the outside form of our paper two weeks ago a story in which a harsh *step-mother* played a prominent part. It has reminded us of a word which we have long wanted to say in behalf of those, who bear this somewhat unsavoury name. Two things are certain. One is, that throughout Christendom there is an inveterate prejudice against this relation, at least in those families in which it does not exist. The other is, that, if we confine our view to any single community or circle of society, we shall find full as large a proportion of faithful, just and kind stepmothers, as of conscientious and exemplary men and women in any other domestic relation. Whence then comes the prejudice? It was with emphasis that we called it *inveterate*; for it owes its origin to an evil, to which the effectual remedy was applied eighteen centuries ago. In all the nations of antiquity, where polygamy was not usual, there was the liberty of divorce on the most trivial pretences; and in Rome, during the Augustan age, this liberty was carried to the utmost extent even in the most virtuous circles, so that the blameless mother of an infant family was frequently sacrificed to the superficial or the more solid charms of a beauty or an heiress, or supplanted by the intrigues of an ambitious or profligate woman. Of course, the wife thus wedded could never be a woman of delicacy or principle. Her place in the family was as insecure as that of her predecessor, whose recall was by no means an impossible or unprecedented event. The children of the former marriage still constituted a bond of common feeling between the father and their mother, and his fondness for them might at any moment rekindle his old affection for her, and reinstate her in her lost place. Of course, the step-mother's part was to alienate the father from them; and they could hardly fail to be the objects of her sincere jealousy and hatred. She effected if possible their banishment from the paternal home, or, if sufficiently unscrupulous, compassed their death by those secret arts of poisoning in which the Roman women were practised adepts. The name of step-mother thus became odious and detestable, and as such has come down to us in the writings of Virgil, Horace and others of the classics, whose works have borne so large a part in the best culture of modern times. And we have no doubt that the prejudice, to which we have referred, is for the most part to be traced to that state of society, rendered obsolete by the Christian law, which, except in case of the foulest crime, makes wedlock dissoluble only by death. In what we have said, we have merely sought to do away unmerited reproach, not to add sanction or commendation to second marriages. There are no doubt many cases, in which they are opposed by manifest considerations of expediency; and, where these do not apply, we regard with sympathy and honor the sentiment which forbids the renewal of a connection so sacred. Yet we cannot ignore the many happy homes within the circle of our intimacy, which would have been left unspeakably sad and desolate, had this sentiment been indulged.

BE SHORT.

Editorial experience impresses a man with a sense of the value of brevity. Always making due reservations in behalf of our own practice, we are fast getting to be strenuous advocates of abridgment, sworn friends of condensation. Last week a correspondent offered some pungent observations on long prayers. Long sermons, long speeches, and long articles, deserve equal condemnation. There is a steadily growing impatience of the vile "gift of continuance." Men used to tolerate,—we will not say they *heard*,—both sermons and prayers of two hours' duration. Now they look at the clock, pull out their watches, fidget and snuffle, after a sermon has run thirty-five minutes. And this is one of those tendencies of the times that it is useless to resist. You are at liberty to be long if you please. But the public will have their own way. There is no coercing attention. They will not listen to your protracted discourse, nor read your everlasting article. We are satisfied that whoever is to lead and influence the mind of the coming time must be concise. Men of action are not to be stirred by attenuated dulness. The most effective and brilliant speakers in the French Assembly are said to be only fifteen or twenty minutes long. It is only our professional and educated speakers that are tedious. They are imposed upon by a false notion of completeness. Hearers will understand a great deal that is not stated in words. Some things are now generally admitted. "The flood may, by this time, be taken for granted." If you would learn how to be curt, and epigrammatic, and racy, go hearken to coachmen, coal-heavers, porters, and express-men. The common people never multiply words. They suggest the idea and drop it, as if glad to get rid of it, in a hurry to let it alone. The American, and especially the Yankee, is a true Spartan in shortness. Ellipsis is his most frequent figure. He cannot stop to prate and drawl. He must utter his monosyllable and be off about his business. Three words are enough for a sentence, and even a short word is better than a long one when it will [illegible] the redundant, diluting, fine-spun, and long-winded orator behind him. The way is,—after you have written, to cut off the long introduction by which you thought your way through a cold string of common-places into your subject, and begin at the real beginning. Then draw your pen across everything that you are not *sure* is essential to the matter in hand. The whole spirit of the age demands a laconic tongue. What a mighty monitor to this virtue is the Magnetic Telegraph! Some one has recommended to diffuse speakers to be their own Telegraph reporters across the Union! The eloquent men of the next generation will be brief. We advise you to be in season, and, to that end, read the following:

1. Be brief. This is the age of Telegraphs and Stenography.
2. Be pointed. Don't write all round a subject without hitting it.
3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's drowsy business. Let the reader do his own dreaming.
4. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer in cold water.
5. If you have written a sentence that you think particulaly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.
6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.
7. When your article is complete, strike out nine tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but it wont bear too much "reducing."
8. Avoid all high-flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts when legs will do as well.
9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile-stone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself.

REV. F. T. GRAY'S ADDRESS AT THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PITTS ST. CHAPEL. This occasion occurred last Sunday evening. It was one that had great interest not only to the Society worshipping there, and the benefactors of the Institution, but to the whole surrounding community. The breathless attention of a crowded auditory, for an hour and a half, was sufficient testimony to the power and feeling of Mr. Gray's words. His former connection with the Chapel both qualified him peculiarly for his work, and gave a touching significance to his language. Commencing with a graphic sketch of the formation of the "Association for Mutual Improvement," in 1822, he proceeded to describe the courses of lectures to the poor, delivered successively in Hatter's Square, Charter st., and Pitts Court. Passing to the subject of Dr. Tuckerman's ministry at the "Circular Building," the preacher paid a brief but eloquent tribute to the fragrant memory of that venerable apostle of poverty, and of the sainted Greenwood. Then adverting to the Friend st. Chapel, and the noble enterprise conducted there, he came to the present arrangement of Chapels for the poor, under the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches,—in Warren st., Suffolk st., and Pitts st. Some account was given of the several useful and honored ministries at Pitts st., and the vast and manifold results, visible and invisible,—present and eternal, that have crowned them. Mr. Gray ably and successfully refuted, at the close, two superficial objections to the ministry at large,—1. That it separates the rich from the poor, and 2. That it injures the regular churches, in their attendance and general prosperity. The Rev. gentleman then cordially invited both rich and poor, the favored and the dependent,—to come and witness, and help forward, and participate in, the generous labors and holy influences of the Pastor and Conductors of the Pitts st. Chapel.

THANKSGIVING.

We need not remind our readers in this State as well as in several others where our paper goes, that next Thursday is our annual Thanksgiving, the great family Festival of New England, and every year extending through new States. We love the day for its immediate religious object as a day of thankfulness to Almighty God. We love it for its joyous and sacred associations.—And we love it all the more because among the memories which it awakens are those of friends whom we can now think of only as the inhabitants of a brighter world. It does not make the day a sad one, but diffuses through it a more serene joy, when it reminds us of family ties now broken, but which shall be renewed hereafter.—It is a Christian festival, and therefore leads our thoughts from the fireside and board to mansions, where the pure in heart who once blessed us here, now see God, and where friends now widely divided may meet to join in songs of everlasting thanksgiving and praise. We thank our fathers for the day. May children and children's children worthily observe it, and the richest of God's blessings rest upon it.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Sept., 1849.

Since I wrote my last letter to you, I have traversed the fertile plains of Flanders, seen the architectural glories of the Flemish cities of Aix-la-chapelle, and of Cologne, revelled in the magnificent beauty of the Rhine, and returning in less than 24 hours from Germany to Paris, find myself again quietly installed in my winter's habitation. The thorough system of rail road communication, established in Belgium, France, and the Rhine country, mainly by English enterprise and English capital, makes it easily practicable to bring those enjoyments of the traveller into the compass of a week, which formerly a month would hardly have sufficed to secure. And what great change for the better in the views of international relations of the people inhabiting this continent so broken up and divided by nature and the institutions of ages, will be brought about by these new facilities of intercourse, it is not difficult to foresee. For the "Day of Roads," as an eloquent American preacher has called our century, must be the day of Liberality and Freedom, and locomotives are the best practical allies of Elihu Burritt and the Congress of Peace.—When nations were so separated by social institutions and imperfect roads, that the journey from Prussia to Holland occupied thirty days, the people of each country were at the mercy of their lords, who, monopolizing the means of travelling, could instil into the ignorant minds of their vassals the prejudices which it was their own interest to foster. "Mais nous avons change tout cela,"—and the traveller in these countries is delighted to find how extensive is the international intercourse of the humblest classes. In the days when the burghers of Ghent summoned Edward of England to their alliance, Froissart relates it as a wonderful instance of speedy travelling, that a certain English Knight hearing that his countrymen were in arms in Flanders, hastily departed from Prussia, and urged by the Anglo-Saxon instinct of combat and a wish not to lose his share of the sport, reached Antwerp in fourteen days. Now the same journey is performed in little more than the same number of hours, and the railway carriages transport daily hundreds of Flemish workmen and tradesmen into Germany, and bring back equal numbers of Germans into Belgium. The weather during my trip was very fine, and permitted me to travel in the third class cars, or wagons, as they are called on the Continent.—These carriages, though uncushioned and open to the weather, are hardly inferior in comfort to the second class carriages on the English roads, and are occupied not only by the working people, but by those of higher station and larger means. (For the people of Germany and France of all ranks are, perhaps, the most habitually and sensibly economical people on the face of the earth.) And while I was greatly delighted with the general kindness and courtesy which the travellers manifested, I was especially pleased with the respectable bearing and good manners of the poorest and rudest people. Their faces and forms wore, indeed, the heavy, boorish aspect with which Teniers and Ostade have made us familiar, and they smoked like the burghers of Communipaw, but their demeanor was civil, and their remarks intelligent, and I observed not a few, who, under the meditative inspiration of the pipe, devoted themselves sedulously to reading. Throughout Belgium, too, the traces of successful contented industry, contrasted favorably with the scathed and desolate air of the French provinces. The well cultivated fields divided by thick green hedges, were almost English, and the multitudinous chimneys and factories of Ghent, Malines and Liege, proclaimed an industry almost as energetic as that which blackens with the smoke of its sacrifice the great cities and towns of Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Yorkshire. Nor did this industry seem to be carried on at so great an expense of human happiness and health as in England. I saw none of the terrible, brutal misery and degradation which appals the visitor to the purlieus of such places as Preston, and Bolton, and Sheffield, and Glasgow. The air of general ease and comfort reminded me strongly of New England, and but for the narrow streets and quaint picturesque houses and stately churches, crowded with the devotees of the Ancient Faith, I might have imagined myself surrounded by the busy descendants of the Puritans. The streets, and houses, and churches, however, were too strikingly and beautifully peculiar not to stifle any such notions in their first conception. Nothing can be finer than the old Flemish cities in their way. They represent the commercial, industrial and prosperous life of the middle ages as strongly and fully as the old castles of England, and Holland, and France, and Germany represent the feudal military system of those days.—Here the independent citizens and merchants of Europe planted themselves, and grew in wealth and consequence till monarchies courted their alliance. Here the vestiges of municipal rights and privileges lingered long after they had been trampled out in the rest of Europe in the contests of princes and nobles. And though the fields of Flanders have so often been the battle ground of the great continental nations, and have passed with the changing fortune of war, from the domain of one despotic race under that of another, her great cities still speak eloquently of the superior freedom and larger prosperity enjoyed by their sturdy citizens. The contests of local noblemen, the repeated invasions by which they have suffered from the times of the sanguinary Alva to the day when the armies of Republican France came plundering and burning in the name of Liberty, all the innumerable evils which have been inflicted on these ancient cities, have not sufficed to obliterate the monuments of their former greatness and freedom. And the magnificent Hotel de Ville, which invests the venerable names of Ghent, and Brussels, and Bruges

and Louvain with such charms for the pilgrim of Art, are not less interesting to the lover of Freedom as the memorials and scenes of many a gallant defence of popular rights against lordly tyranny. The churches of Flanders, however, must awaken a purely artistic interest in the mind of the Protestant visiter. They are still the temples of a worship which he cannot but condemn and regret, while he reverently sympathizes with the devotional spirit he there beholds, and acknowledges that the aspect of the groups kneeling indiscriminately—the rich and poor together—before the emblems of the Faith which equalizes all, is more truly religious than the sight which our pewed churches, with their congregations of segregated families present. In speaking thus, I do not mean to be Puseyistic, and to advocate the general demolition of the pews in our whitewashed New England meeting houses. I simply wish to express, with renewed emphasis, the conviction which the study of the Catholic churches of Europe has impressed upon me very strongly, that the idea of worship had a paramount power in those ages, called not unjustly the ages of Faith, which it does not now possess in any equal degree. Religion now is coming down more nearly and going forth more widely into the active life of society. The New Jerusalem *comes down* to man, and the religion of our times gathers around the pulpit rather than the altar. The priest has given place to the teacher, and it is vain for us to seek to anticipate that era of harmony when in the church, as in the state, the divine and human shall be again made one. And those who are interested in our church architecture, and desire to see our New England places of worship adorned with the graces of architecture as well as with the beauty of holiness, would do well to consider these circumstances of our age. The various styles improperly confounded under the common name of Gothic, are perhaps the most ill-adapted for the purposes of the Protestant religious service of all possible architectural models. Our congregations are audiences, and our churches must be adapted to their wants. The homily of the priest in the old Cathedrals and Churches, was a merely incidental part of the service, and when the people came together to listen to his short exhortations, they left the chapels and oratories of the nave, and transepts, and choir, and stood grouped around the pulpit till the benediction soon pronounced, dismissed them to renew their prayers or to resume their worldly business. Under such a system, the main object of the ecclesiastical architect, was to construct a temple whose lofty arches should lead the thoughts up to God, whose many recesses and quiet chapels should secure to the penitent and the worshipper a secluded place for confession, adoration, or prayer. For this object the churches of the middle ages were perfectly fitted. The stained windows shedding abroad a color half twilight through the silent church, the lofty-fretted arches and long drawn forest-like aisles, subduing the mind with something of that awe felt in the solemn stillness of the woods, which to the Greeks, those joyous, sunny children of nature, suggested the gloomy wrath of Pan, and to the Christian poet is so full of high and holy inspirations,—the columns graceful in their chastened strength, the whole edifice, in short, one mighty consecration to God of the wealth, and skill, and art, and power of the earth, spoke to humbled men of the glory and worth of the Eternal Life, above and beyond this mortal existence. But all the ornaments and arragements which fitted these buildings for the worship of their day, interfere with the purposes of our modern service. Consequently we see the quasi-gothic churches of America presenting almost painful parodies of these noble ancient buildings, mutilated and distorted in all their essential proportions to fit them for the reception of pews, all of whose occupants must be hearers, and of the pulpit, whose occupant must speak to all and be the central interest of the modern, as the High Altar was of the ancient congregations. I know that it is not easy to determine upon a style of architecture which, while wearing something of a consecrated and peculiar aspect, shall yet be suited to the necessities of preaching. This is a problem for the architect to solve. But if I may offer an unofficial suggestion, I should say that the older part of the church of the Holy Apostles at Cologne, seems to me to unite these desirable qualities more perfectly than any building I have ever seen. This church which, as one of the glories of the city of churches, figures on the labels of countless bottles of Cologne water, stands in the new market-place, and rising majestically above the surrounding buildings, with its lofty towers, tower over tower, dome-crowned and quaintly gabled, produces a most striking effect of sublimity and grace. Above the choir rise three demi-rotonds, the central one planked by slender turrets.—These are surmounted by vaulted roofs like those of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and the principal octagonal dome rises loftily and lightly in the air. Nothing can be simpler or grander than the aspect of this part of the edifice, which dates from the beginning of the 11th century. And the interior, while it is abundantly ecclesiastical in the solemnity and elevation of its majestic arches, is also admirably adapted for the purposes of teaching and of hearing. Byzantine eloquence would have here found itself allied with Byzantine worship, and I am persuaded that a skilful and tasteful reproduction of this model with the alterations and modifications necessary in any given case, would come very near to fulfilling the ideal of a beautiful, convenient and economical Protestant church. My architectural zeal, quickened by the vision of various ecclesiastical structures in my native land, and a chilling fear of finding them indefinitely reproduced on my return, has hurried me on into this long "digression of churches," which has brought me very near the end of my time. And as I have not yet mastered the mysteries of the French Post Office, I fear to risk my failure of this week's mail, and must, therefore, bring this letter to a close in a somewhat summary manner, deferring my account of the "Gothe Festival" till a future day.

One fact connected with the fete, however, I will now chronicle for the benefit of all those who, like myself, feeling the greatness of the calm untroubled genius, whose glorious work is now but just begun, have been grieved to see the intellect of his own country led away, by the excitement and madness of political strife, from the serene way in which he walked, and casting reproach upon his name, for the very calmness and serenity of his strong, superior nature. Despite the turbulence of the period, and the agitation especially of the younger mind of Germany,—multitudes of her most thoughtful and accomplished youth were found ready to forget the wild excitements of revolution and politics, and thronged to pay their homage to the mighty master. The young artists of Dusseldorf, among whom burns the fiery soul of the poet Freiligrath, left all other thoughts and occupations, and devoted themselves in a body to the decoration of the halls appropriated to the festivities, while the finest musicians of Germany came together from far and near to this new "Homage of the Arts"—It were a great refreshment and encouragement to know that these things were so, and I chose to argue from them for the future of the noble Teutonic races rather than from the signs of war, and bloodshed, and convulsion, which I saw along the line of my journey. Fanatical insurrection struggling in demoralized Baden, with the soldiers of Russian royalty, the triumph of absolutism, popular aspirations never crushed but condensed by the pressure of military forced into stronger and more formidable life, these may endure for a season, but after the tempest and the earthquake throes have past, the quiet world will gladly open itself to the light and warmth of the calm, unfading sun of Beauty and of Truth, and the seed sown in silence, by the mighty and the wise, will spring into a sudden but enduring harvest.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A History of Duxbury with Genealogical Register. By Justin Winsor. Boston, Crosby & Nichols. This, though prepared, as we understand, by a very young man, whose style of writing will doubtless be improved by further experience, is a work of great research, and one of the most full and interesting of our local histories. We, of course, have not the means of testing its accuracy, but can testify that it contains a great amount of minute and curious information of a kind that throws much light on the history of the olden times.

The Seventh Vial. By the author of Millenial Institutions. This is one of the many attempts to explain the Apocalyptic vision, which have been issuing from the press of late, and inundating the land. We have taken little interest in the subject, believing it an unprofitable one. This pamphlet is written with great zeal. The author claims to be a prophetical character, and writes with a strange sort of vigor. But his speculations are of the wildest sort. If men would only take as much pains to unfold the prophecies by their obedient lives as to understand them before the time, they would be a vast deal better employed.

Glimpses of Spain in 1847; by S. T. Wallis.—Harper & Brothers A racily written book, by a good-humored, vivacious, talented traveller, sure to entertain, but giving, we cannot but think, too favorable a view of the Spaniards. Over against all commendatory accounts of the condition of Spain, stands this constant and conclusive fact,—that for a century or more the population has been steadily decreasing.

The History of Alfred the Great; by Jacob Abbott. Harper & Brothers. We have not read this book, but the author's name is a guaranty for its excellence, and some children that we know are delighted with it.

Both the above works are from Crocker & Brewster.

Acceptable Worship. A sermon preached in Meadville, by Rufus P. Stebbins. A straight forward, earnest, healthy discourse, on the necessity of a pure life if we would have our prayers accepted.

Crosby & Nichols have issued the seventh No. of Tytler's Universal History, a work that it is too late to praise.

Fetridge & Co have the American Edition of the Edinburgh Review for October.

For the Register.

THE MINISTRY AT LARGE IN LOWELL.

The fifth annual report of this institution, was presented by the Rev. Mr. Wood, Minister at Large, on Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, in the church of the first Unitarian Society, in Lowell.

After giving a detailed account of his labors, during the last year, in behalf of those who were both physically and morally destitute; and of the various forms of benevolent effort connected with the ministry; Mr. Wood gave some statistics, proving the alarming increase in our city, of the dreadful evil of intemperance, that most fruitful source of so many other ills.

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Conversion of St. Paul, on the 25th of January.

Septuagesima Sunday is the third before Lent, and nearly the 70th day before Easter.

Sexagesima Sunday is the second before Lent.

Quinquagesima Sunday is the next before Lent.

Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent. The name is derived from Ashes, symbolic of fasting and self-mortification.

Lent, the Fast of Forty Days before Easter. From Ash-Wednesday to Easter are forty-six days; but the six Sundays are not counted, because it is not the custom of the Church to fast on Sundays, when we commemorate so great a blessing as our Saviour's resurrection.

Passion week. The week before Easter.—The name is derived from the Latin word Passio, signifying suffering.

Palm Sunday. Next before Easter. Day of Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

Good Friday. Day of the Crucifixion; the third day before *Easter*.

Easter. Day of the Resurrection. Easter Day, on which the other Moveable Feasts and Fasts depend, is the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after the 21st day of March, the Vernal Equinox. If the full moon is on a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after. Easter day, from being nearly coincident with the Jewish Passover; and also because of the analogy between the sacrifice of Christ and that of the Lamb of the Paschal feast, is often alluded to in the same terms; and most nations give it a name derived from the Greek name of the Passover, viz: Pacha.

Ascension Day. Called also Holy Tuesday; the fortieth day after Easter.

Whit-Sunday. Giving of the Holy Spirit.—The fiftieth day after Easter. Whit Sunday is so called, because this day, being one of the stated times for Baptism, in the ancient Church, those who were baptized were clothed in white garments as a type of spiritual purity.

The coincidence of this feast with the Jewish Festival of Pentecost, held in commemoration of the giving of the Law from Sinai, on the fiftieth day of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, has caused this feast to be recognized as analogous with that; and to be often called by that name.

After Whit-Sunday, twenty-eight Sundays, or fewer, complete the year, from about the middle of May to Advent.

For the Register.

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A second great evil of the substitution of human reason for divine revelation, is the introduction of *doctrines* of man's devising for the simple truth as it is in Jesus; of doctrines declared essential to salvation, which cannot be expressed in the language of Scripture. God, our Father, is an idea sufficiently definite and comprehensive; but there is obtruded on the Christian an abstruse statement which he must say he believes, when those who force it upon him confess they do not themselves know what it means and deny that it can ever be known! Says the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, "he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. This however is now not sufficient. The believer must assent to some system of human philosophy respecting *how* God is, and *how* God rewards; he must believe that God is complex in his nature and multiform in his personality. Theology has also superadded its theories of the Son of God. The confession by St. Peter, and by Martha, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," a confession which called forth the Master's special approbation and blessing, is unsatisfactory now, and he who makes the same is not blessed but cursed; the door of the fold of the Good Shepherd is shut in his face. Theology must tell us furthermore, just how Christ's life and death are instrumental in saving us, and has the temerity to insist on acceptance of its mode, as equally essential with belief of the *fact* that we are saved by him.

The subject of the discourse was further illustrated by philosophical speculations respecting human nature and the origin of sin. Professor S. then passed to the third division of his subject—the exaltation of human reason above the *precepts* of the gospel, which he said had suffered as much as the doctrines of the Gospel, especially through civil legislation. With this topic, and with a brief address to the candidate, he concluded.

The sermon was one of characteristic strength and point. It touched, and in no very easy way I can assure you, the evil of which it treated. It was an utterance of the nature of a healthy electric explosion, adapted to purify a too close atmosphere and enabling one to breathe more freely. The need of such protests, on suitable occasions when the public ear can be reached, we wish had gone by, but surely it still exists; and he who meets the want in a clear and satisfactory way will contribute to promote Christian freedom, and of consequence a healthier Christian life.

The Right Hand of Fellowship was a fervent and hearty welcome to the Christian ministry—to its privileges, its duties, its toils and trials.—Upon each of these topics some very appropriate and excellent remarks were presented.

We had hoped to have the presence of Rev. Mr. Hosmer, and Elder Church, to take part in the services of the occasion; but providential circumstances hindered. The ordination was conducted on the principles of pure, independent congregationalism, not altogether from choice, (though heart, and hand, and will, were in the duty,) but partly from the exigency of the case and our isolated position. Mr. Shippen is a native of Meadville, and a recent graduate of its Theological School. He goes to take charge of the Unitarian Church in Chicago, Ill., where we believe he will perform a good work, and give full proof of a ministry ordained of heaven.

N. S. F.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Sermons.—Visit to Germany.—Influence of his visit on him in respect to the relation of theology to practical religion.

There is no English Unitarian minister, whose sermons meet with so ready a sale or find so many admiring readers among us, as the Rev. James Martineau. As a writer of moral and religious essays, he certainly has very uncommon merits. He abounds in illustrations of remarkable brilliancy and beauty. But we have not been satisfied with his theology, nor do we find in him the glow of Christian feeling which is the peculiar charm of our religion. There is no denial, in his sermons, but neither is there any distinct or hearty recognition, of the superhuman element in the life and acts of our Saviour; and without the recognition of that element Christ ceases to have the power which he now has to move our whole soul and take hold on all our deepest affections, calling out towards himself a mingled sentiment of reverence and love, which awakens as nothing else can the feelings of devotion to God, and of love to our fellow men. Without this element, Christianity loses what is to us its saving efficacy and crowning grace.

For some time past Mr. Martineau has been in Germany, and it is interesting to know what influence his residence there in the heart of Rationalism has had on his religious feelings. On his first public appearance in Liverpool after his return, in the presence of an audience of nearly 900 persons, he said, in regard to the religious expectations with which he had gone to Germany, "I must confess that they have been bitterly disappointed. * * I do not hesitate to say, that I believe the influence of Christianity upon the political future and the social condition of Germany is now extinct."—Then after speaking of the fact that in Germany the highest theological studies are kept entirely apart from the practical religion of the country—a consummation desired by so many here—he adds with unusual earnestness of conviction; "but I think it a matter of the utmost importance that these should not remain as a separate study, as a division of labor, but should remain in practical connection with the influences of the Christian religion."

We shall next week give this part of his speech entire as we find it in the London Inquirer. We can now only say that we most heartily assent to the truth of what he has here said in respect to the extreme importance of having our "purely intellectual and critical theology," not alienated from the practical Christianity of the land, but retained in the most intimate connection with it. We hope soon to express our views on this subject more at large.

Injurious Reports. Pres. Woods. Pres. Lord, The Millennium.

A highly respected correspondent calls our attention to various rumors which have been in circulation for some time respecting the Presidents of two of our New England Colleges. The charges, half veiled, as if ashamed to show themselves, first appeared in an Episcopal paper, in order to prove that nothing but Episcopacy could save us from general slavery. Congregational and Presbyterian papers circulated the injurious reports through all the length and breadth of the land, charitably hoping, though with "painful" surmises, that they might not prove true. The language gradually became less enigmatical. Pres. Wood's name was used. As soon as this tangible shape was given to the rumor, that part of the charge was contradicted. We were still left in uncertainty as to the other culprit, who had come to the conclusion that "Christianity was a failure." At last, to our great surprise, Pres. Lord of Dartmouth College, was named. He was away from home, and so, time was given for the defamation to have its full effect, and for the natural inference from such language, Pres. Lord's infidelity, to be established. It turns out however, that he is a strict Calvinist, but, then he believes in the Millennium. The Recorder, the New York Evangelist, and the Congregational Journal are not satisfied. The Vermont Chronicle, by the aid of a correspondent, explains what Dr. Lord and those who agree with *him* believe. "They do not hold that 'Christianity is a failure,' but that it accomplishes the full purpose of the Almighty, and secures salvation to all whom God has elected to this end." They hold "that God is saving a few out of the world," but "that the world in general will grow worse and worse till the period of its retribution and destruction;" till, "almost the last vestige of faith in God will have disappeared." But "in the depth of that hour of darkness, at midnight, a cry shall be heard, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh.'"

That the world under the influence of Christianity should thus go on from worse to worse till "almost the last vestige of faith in God has disappeared," and the world has reached "the period of its retribution and destruction," does certainly make it seem very much as if "Christianity were a failure," though in a different sense from that in which the expression is generally used.

Peace Society. Mr. Livermore's Dissertation. Our readers may remember that some months ago the prize of $500, offered by the American Peace Society for the best dissertation on the Mexican war, was awarded to the Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Keene, N. H. We have been patiently waiting for the publication of the prize dissertation. In the meantime a resolution is offered in the Vermont Legislature, to accept for each member a copy of Mr. Jay's Treatise on the same subject, in behalf of the Peace Society as tendered by their Secretary, Mr. Beckwith. A correspondent asks, "What does this mean? What business has Mr. Beckwith, or the society thus to circulate a *political* work *not* adopted by the Society, when about publishing a work which they *have* adopted? Will not this proceeding be as prejudicial to the Society, as it is in fact injurious to Mr. Livermore? And why is not Mr. Livermore's book published? I wish a million copies of Jay could be circulated, but not by the Society." We presume that these questions can be answered by Mr. Beckwith.

Cheap Postage. It is stated in the papers, that the Postmaster general will recommend to Congress a general reduction in the rates of postage. We regard this movement as intimately connected with the intellectual and moral advancement of the people, and as tending to bind in closer bonds the distant members of our great confederacy.

Amherst College The number of students in Amherst College is 176. There are eight professors and four tutors.

Church of the Messiah in New York. We learn that our brother Osgood is beginning his ministry with encouraging omens. He has already commenced a course of Sunday evening lectures "upon the character and characteristics of the New Testament.

The second Unitarian Society in Lowell is in a very prosperous condition. They expect to get into their new church about the middle of the next month.

Dr. George Hayward has retired from the Medical Department of Harvard College. A committee in behalf of the medical students of the college, have addressed to him a highly complimentary letter. [Journal.

ERRATA.

We have been almost impatient for the week to come round, that we might offer our readers and correspondents some humble apology for our last issue. But now that the time has arrived, we hardly know what to say. Something has been hinted to us about a printers' "strike." We beg our subscribers not to "strike." "Wait a little longer." There may be "a good time coming" yet.

Not to speak of some scores of literal and syllable blunders, letters turned topsy turvy, and outrages on etymology, we must call special notice to the following singular perversions of the sense.

We are not aware of any signification of the phrase in which Rev. Henry Colman could be called "*a man of York*;" we wrote "a man of mark."

We did not ask that the Report of the Committee of the Boston Grammar Schools should be read "*cordially*," but "candidly." (We are sorry even to mention Grammar schools in the same column, with a reference to our last week's paper.)

Our "friend in England" does not keep a "*livery*." That sort of luxury is reserved for the clergy of the established church. The oppressive church-taxation would have been much less burdensome to our friend, who is the minister of a small dissenting congregation and poor at that, if he had been in the habit of sporting even a "*little* livery." It was his "little library" that was threatened.

We did not treat our readers to the striking and original idea that the "law is the law," nor marry together, in quarrelsome wedlock, a copulative and disjunctive conjunction.

But we despair. We cannot go through the list. It would be like enumerating the separate sins of a mispent life. We will try to do better, and we have no doubt the printers will.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 15th inst, by Rev Dr Peabody, Junius Hall to Emily E. R. Baldwin, daughter of Aaron Baldwin, Esq.

In Dorchester, 14th inst, by Rev Dr Barrett, Mr Henry S. Blaney of Boston to Miss Sarah Woodman of D.

In Cambridge, 13th inst, by Rev Benj I. Lane, James H. Storrs, Counsellor at Law, of New York, to Susan F. Lane of C., daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Milton, by Rev J. H. Morison, Mr William Tucker 2d, to Miss Lucinda J. Tilden, both of Canton.

In Quincy, 14th inst, in the Unitarian Church, Benjamin B. Thayer, of the firm of Bontecou & Thayer, of Springfield to Lucy W. Phipps of Q.

In Gorham, Me, 13th inst, Rev Edward S. Dwight, Pastor of the Congregational Church in Saco, to Miss Lucy Elizabeth, daughter of Dr John Waterman of G.

In Manchester, N. H., 16th inst, by Rev A. B. Fuller, Mr Alpha G. Parker to Miss Harriet A. Gilbert, both of Pembroke, N. H

17th inst, by the same, Mr Alexander Gilchrist to Miss Betsey R. Clough, all of Manchester.

In Providence, 13th inst, Mr Thomas H. Chcever of this city to Miss Mary, daughter of Tucker Daland, Esq., of Salem.

At Woodside, Troy, N. Y, 13th inst, Brevet Capt Irvin McDowell, Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army, to Helen, daughter of Henry Burden.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 15, Mrs M., wife of Mr John Ross, 63.

15th inst, Mrs Mary E., wife of Mr James Drummond, 21.

13th inst, Mrs Eunice W. Hedge, widow of the late B. Hedge, Esq., of Plymouth, 77.

12th inst, Wm Augustus Burbank, son of Alonzo and Sophia G. Burbank, 3 yrs 8 mos 4 days.

8th inst, Stephen W., child of Charles and Louisa Jackson, 22 mos.

In Roxbury, 10th inst, suddenly, Mr Thomas Rumrill, a revolutionary pensioner, 87; 12th inst, Mr John Curtis, 76.

In Weymouth, 11th inst, very suddenly, Mrs Sarah Tirrell, widow of the late Capt Jacob Tirrell, 76.

In West Townsend, Vt., Mrs Rachel Parkhurst, widow of the late Mr Samuel Parkhurst, in her 94th year.

In Providence, burnt to death, Mrs Anna Jenkins, 59, and her daughter, Mrs Sarah Jenkins, 22.

In Portsmouth, N. H., 17th inst, Mr Joseph Moulton, 53.

In San Francisco, of fever, contracted at Panama, Mr John S. Fabyan, a native of Newington, aged about 30; Mr Alfred A. Rowe, 25, a native of Portsmouth; Sept. 7, Andrew J., only son of Mr John Treadwell of Boston, 21.

On Yuba River, California, the Rev James P. Adams, Chaplain of the New England Company which arrived in California in the ship Leonora, Capt Green, about two months since.

At Wappinger's Creek, 9th inst, Rev Eliphalet Price, in the 69th year of his age, and for nearly 40 years pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place.

☞ Christmas Eve. The Ladies connected with the Unitarian Society in Manchester, N. H., propose having a sale of useful and fancy articles on Christmas Eve, at the City Hall, to aid in furnishing their church and paying some other expenses attendant on its recent enlargement.

They will gladly receive any articles which may be left for them at the bookstore of Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington st.; or with R. F. Fuller, Esq., 10 State st. and will also welcome any friends from abroad who can be present on the occasion.

It is intended to have a Christmas tree for which any tasteful or useful articles will be acceptable. nov24

☞ Canton. Mr. Robert P. Rogers, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, has received an invitation to be settled over the Unitarian Society in Canton. nov24

☞ Somerville. Rev. Augustus R. Pope, late of Kingston, will be installed at Somerville, on the 28th inst. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Plymouth. nov24

Detroit. We understand that funds have been raised in Detroit, for the support of Unitarian preaching; and that an application will soon be made here for a preacher. n24

☞ Card. The Professors of the Meadville Theological School, express their thanks to the Ladies of the Channing circle belonging to the Federal street Church, Boston, for their very generous donation of *one hundred dollars* for the use of the students connected with this Institution.

RUFUS P. STEBBINS.

Meadville, Nov. 17, 1849. nov24

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References.—Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, Rev. F. T. Gray, Henry Hall, Esq., S. D. Townsend, M. D., E. P. Clark, Esq. 6tis nov24

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The Winter Term will commence Wednesday, Dec. 12, and close the fourth Wednesday in March. Board, including washing, lights and fuel, $1.75 per week. For particulars, see Catalogue, direct to West Townsend P. O.; direct Railroad communication.

SILAS BRUCE,

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

CHANNING.

Channing! Oh name revered, oh sainted dead,
Were not our hearts to dull indifference wed,
Thy name would be a watch-word strong and high
To lead the soul's embattled hosts to victory.
We read thy works, and there behold enshrined,
The noblest thoughts that filled thy noble mind.
We read the record of thy life, and learn the spell
Which sways our hearts as on those thoughts we dwell.
'Tis thine own purity; such virtue as inspires the page
Which tells of Fenelon, of Oberlin—names dear to every age.
Like thine, oh prophet of our time, whose eye's unclouded ray
Discerned afar the dawning of a brighter, purer day.—
Oh that thy life might lead us, so to live
As should to that advancing day a stronger impulse give.

M. A. T.

Northampton, N. Y.

JUDGMENT.—BY MARY HOWITT.

Name her not, the guilty one!
Virtue turns aside for shame
At the mention of her name:
Very evilly hath she done!
Pity is on her mis-spent;
She was born of guilty kin,
Her life's course hath guilty been;
Unto school she never went,
And whate'er she learned was sin:—
Let her die!

She was nurtured for her fate;
Beautiful she was, and vain;
Like a child of sinful Cain
She was born a reprobate!
Lives like hers the world defile;
Plead not for her, let her die,
As the child of infamy!
Ignorant and poor and vile,
Plague-spot to the public eye.
Let her die!

THE HEART OF THE OUTCAST.

I am young, alas! so young,
And the world has been my foe;
And by hardship, wrong, and woe
Hath my bleeding heart been stung!
There was none, O God! to teach me
What was wrong and what was right!
I have sinned before thy sight;
Let my cry of anguish reach thee,
Piercing through the glooms of night,
God of love!

Man is cruel, and doth smother
Tender mercy in his breast,
Lays fresh burdens on the oppressed;
Pities not an erring brother,
Pities not the stormy throes
Of the soul despair hath riven,
Nor the brain to madness driven!—
No one but the sinner knows
What it means—to be forgiven!
God of love!

Therefore will I put my trust
In thy mercy, and I cleave
To that love which can forgive;
To that judgment which is just;
Which can pity all my weakness;
Which hath seen the life-long strife
Of passions fiercer than the knife;
Known the desolating bleakness
Of my desert path through life,
God of love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HAWTHORN BOUGH:

OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERFULNESS.

By Mary Cowden Clarke.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—Shakspeare.

In a small upper room in one of those off-streets in Paddington, where a decent poverty seems to struggle with the dingy squalor of a really 'poor neighborhood,' sat a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, busily plying her needle at some 'plain work,' from which she ever and anon cast a cheerful loving look towards an elderly woman, who was seated near her, and in whose face there was a careworn expression, made more glaringly conspicuous by the heavy eyes, sunken cheeks, drawn lips, and extreme whiteness of ill-health. After a few vain attempts to return a smile in reply to the bright glances of her child, the mother said:—

'I wish I could be more gay, and make you a better companion than I do, May, to cheer you through your task; but I can't help feeling sad to see you sitting there hour after hour, stitching away, this fine afternoon, instead of being out and enjoying the air; or if work must be done, as too surely it must—else how are we to get bread?—still, it's hard I must sit here with my hands before me doing nothing to help you all these long hours, since six o'clock this morning, when you were up, like a dear bird as you are, to get me my breakfast, and then to sit down to earn our dinner.'

'Mind and get well and strong soon, dear mother, and then you can work as much as you like, but till then be good and sit still, and help me as you do now, for when you chat to me and amuse me, you help me on ever so much; and then, when you read to me this morning some of that lovely 'Story of a Father,' in the old numbers of *Punch*, which neighbor Johnson lent us, you cannot think how you helped me—the needle seemed to fly!'

The mother smiled and sighed. 'To listen to you, May,' said she, 'one would think it was rather a good thing that I should have had a bad fever, and be unable to hold a needle, or do anything but talk or read—but you're young and hopeful, and see everything in a cheerful light, and,'—

'Well, mother, and that's a happy thing, isn't it? That's one excellent piece of comfort to think of—to be young and strong, and able to work for you dear; for you mother,' said she getting up to kiss the pale face, which brightened as it touched the glowing round cheek of youth, 'I must steal one little moment to give you a hug now and then, musn't I? if it's only to tell you how happy I am to have you to work for; not like poor bereaved Patty, the feather-dresser,' added she, with a shade crossing her face, 'but I have you, you who have so many a tedious hour, all day and all night too, for many a long year worked and slaved for me when I was a bit of a child, and could do nothing to help you all that while—eh, mother?—all that while—you forget that, mother; for a little useless child, mother!'

Her mother smiled—a real smile this time—and murmured, 'Thank God, I had you, darling, to work for!'

'That's just what I say—thank God we have each other to work for; no one need be very miserable who has somebody to love them, somebody to love, and somebody to work for,' said stout-hearted May, as she tripped back to her needle again, after having drawn her mother's chair a little nearer to the window that she might amuse herself with looking out into the street. 'Tell me what you see, as I work, mother,' said May, 'and then it will be as good as if I were looking out myself, and better.'

'There is Charlotte Dickson going out again, as she did yesterday afternoon, and the day before, and the day before that, dressed so smartly; it seems rather hard that she should be enjoying so much of this fine weather, while my poor May is obliged to sit at home every day, for I hear that Charlotte gives her mother a great deal of trouble, and,'—

'Well then, I'm sure I would not change places with her,' said May laughing, 'for all her holidays; nor would you have me do so, mother, would you?'

Her mother had been looking at Charlotte, and following her with her eyes down the street, and what she saw of the girl's flaunting, careless, free manners, made her answer in a fervent voice, 'God forbid!' Two young men lounged by, and as they passed Charlotte she uttered a heartless augh which struck chill to the mother's heart, and made her repeat shudderingly yet thankfully, 'God forbid, May!'

'Now what do you see, mother?' asked May; and then, without waiting for an answer, she added, 'I'm like the poor lady in the story of *Bluebeard*, ain't I, mother? asking her sister to look out for her, and saying, 'Sister Anne, sister Anne, what do you see now?' By the bye, that's one of the beauties of needlework, poor needlework that you are always abusing for my sake, mother it always lets you amuse yourself with thinking over all the pretty stories you have ever read.'

'Well, and I'm something like sister Anne,' said her mother, 'for I see a flock of sheep coming along; and the dog goes yelping round and round them; and the poor man who is driving them looks hot and tired, but not at all like the knight on horseback, sister Anne's brother.'

'And I should think the poor sheep don't enjoy their walk much with the dog biting and worrying at them, and the man with his red dusty face of course is not very comfortable,' said May; 'so you see, mother, walking out is not always the pleasantest thing in the wold, though the weather be fine and bright.'

The mother and daughter smiled at each other, as the former shook her head, saying, 'Ah, May!'

'Well, now, mother, at last you really will have your wish that I should go out and get a little fresh air,' said May, 'for I've just finished my work, and I promised to take it home this evening: see here, this set of linen for Mrs. Morrington, and these frilled wrappers for Mrs. Beauchamp—both at Bayswater, so it will be a delightful walk for me, and I shall enjoy it all the more this fine evening for having been in the house all day. If I were like you, naughty mother, I should regret that you can't go with me; but I won't, for you are staying at home to get well soon, ready to go out with your own May happily together, in the nice long summer evenings when we can't see to work. Besides,' added she, 'in honor of this evening (when I knew—at least I hoped—I should finish my two pieces of work,) I have got some rice and some milk, that we may have a nice little supper together when I come home; and Betty Simpson has promised me she will come up and set on the saucepan for you; and then, if you were to have gone out walking with me, who would have watched the rice-milk to see that it did not boil over, I should like to know?' And thus cheerily ran on the little sempstress, as she tied on her bonnet and packed up her work, and kissed her mother fondly, and tripped off on her errand, leaving an atmosphere of hope and blithe courage behind to keep the mother's heart warm with comfortable thoughts of her till her return. May walked quickly that she might be the sooner home; so quickly, that when she arrived at Mrs. Mornington's she was very glad to sit down in the hall, where she was bid to wait till the lady of the house could see her.

It was a pleasant place, this hall, at least so it seemed to the little sempstress, who had been shut us in a close room in a narrow street all day. It was spacious and airy, and the white stone floor contrasted well with the rich dark red tints of some parti-coloured India matting; there were stands of greenhouse plants ranged around, and there was a glass door that stood open at the farther end of the hall, giving a view of the brilliant flower-beds in the garden, and admitting their pleasant fragrance, which was wafted in on the soft spring evening air, and brought sweet and balmy refreshment to the young workwoman. She, with her keen sense of enjoyment, gave herself up to the voluptuous influence, and leaning back in the stiff wooden hall chair, luxuriated in the innocent gratification with as entire a relish as the most pampered fine lady could have found when lolling on the silken cushions of her boudoir sofa. 'It must be pleasant too,' thought May, 'to live always in such a place; it must certainly be much pleasanter than living in a small street like ours—though of course we try to make the best of it—yet, no garden; no flowers; no—or scarce any—air; no'—

She was interrupted in her course of thought by voices which seemed to proceed from a door opposite, which partly opened, and then was held ajar, as if the person opening it was arrested in his progress. 'Well, what do you say?' said a gentleman's voice.

'Why, I say,' answered that of a lady, and yet is was sharp and querulous, 'I say, I hope you're not going to stay out so late Frederick, as you did last night; it's shameful to keep the servants up so late every night, and'—

'Not every night,' answered the other voice; 'besides, I don't want them to sit up; send them to bed; I'll take the key.'

'But you know, Frederick, that terrifies me out of my life. I'll sit up myself—and yet, I'm fit for nothing without my night's rest;' said the sharp voice in a wailing key; then, as the door was pulled open with an impatient hand, it exclaimed, 'Frederick, Frederick! stay! promise me that'—

But Frederick seemed determined to listen no longer to shrewish remonstrance; for, bursting forth angrily, muttering, and passing straight across the hall to the street door, he went out, slamming it after him with a violence that made all the flower-pots dance on the green stands, as if they rejoiced and jumped for joy at his departure.

The lady, who had approached the parlour door in her eagerness to detain her husband, now perceiving May, beckoned her to come into the room.

"So, you've brought the work home at last, child,' said she with snappish emphasis, 'I thought you promised to let me have it home yesterday evening. -You said Tuesday, didn't you?'

'Tuesday or Wednesday, ma'am,' answered May; 'I said I would try and let you have it on the Tuesday, but I feared it would be Wednesday.'

'Try and let me have it; try!' echoed the lady, with cross tart voice, and ill temper dragging every line of her face into a sour expression that had the sole merit of being in strict keeping with her voice; 'try! I wonder what that means, girl!'

'That, I would try and get it finished for you, ma'am,' said May simply

'Don't be pert, minx,' said the peppery lady, ready to fire up at the least supposition of an insult: but glancing at the steady countenance of May, and seeing nothing in its extreme composure which could warrant the idea of intended impertinence, she paid her the stipulated sum for the linen, and rung the bell to have the sempstress dismissed.

'Such an unhappy temper would make life miserable in even a prettier place than this,' thought May, as she followed the servant through the bright and scented hall she had so lately admired. 'It seems almost a relief to get away from it,' continued she to herself, as she stepped across the threshold, and took her way to the other house at which she had to call.

It was a small cottage, prettily situated in the midst of a large garden, and here, on a sloping lawn, sat the master and mistress of the house surrounded by their children; some gambolling and frolicking about, tumbling each other over and over on the grass; some more soberly seated near their mother's feet, making nosegays of buttercups and daisies; while one little blue-eyed girl was climbing on her father's knee, and coaxingly begging him to tell her a story.

As May approached the merry group at a sign from the lady, who took the bundle of work, and began to examine it, the little ones all crowding round to have a peep at the contents, she thought she had never seen so perfect a picture of happiness as this family presented. The lady having approved of the manner in which the needlework was done, paid May the money, and then asking her to sit down on one of the garden-seats, to rest herself after her walk, she cut a slice from a home-made cake that was on the table in an arbour near, and told one of the children to offer it to May.

'Do take it—you can't think how nice it is,' said the little fellow, holding the plate towards her; 'there are plums in it, and orange and lemon peel!'

May kissed his fresh rosy cheeks, as she took the cake, and thanked him, while she thought, 'Surely if there is perfect happiness on earth, it must be here, with such kind, good hearts!'

But when May had eaten her cake, and was preparing to make her farewell thanks and curtsey, a nursery-maid came running from the house, saying to her mistress—'Oh! pray come in ma'am, pray come directly to poor baby. He's much worse, I'm sure he's much worse, than you fancied when you left him; and I can't help thinking it's the whooping-cough he's got, instead of a slight cold, as we thought at first.'

The mother anxiously hurried away, the father took his little girl up in his arms and followed her, the children dispersed, and amid the general confusion, May took her leave, and went out of the garden-gate with a heart full of sympathy for the distress of the amiable family.

On one side of the lane in which the cottage stoood, there grew a hawthorn hedge, and May lingered for a moment to gather a branch of the scented May blossoms to take home to her mother then, quickening her step, she walked on fast, and, with fluttering breath and beating heart, she thought over the agitating question of life, its struggles, its endurance, its hopes, its mingled suffering and happiness. 'As well might I uselessly stop to regret leaving this beautiful light,' said May, as she turned for an instant towards the western sky, which glowed with a last flood of pale glory over the green masses of the Kensington-garden trees, 'as well might I shrink from turning to enter the dark city,' said she, proceeding again on her way towards home, 'as flinch from entering life with hope and a stout heart, because some drawbacks exist in my lot, as well as in that of all other beings, more or less, it seems. If I can but earn enough to support my dear mother, and cheerfully help her to see things in as happy a light as possible, who knows but we may be able to strew our way with spots as bright as those glorious stars yonder.' She raised her young hopeful face to the blue eastern heavens, now deepening with the shades of evening, and just beginning to disclose a twinkling star or two: and as May gazed on their benign radiance, and inhaled the pure scent of the hawthorn buds on the bough in her hand, she felt strengthened and elevated by the gentle presence of Nature.

'My dear May,' said her mother, as they sat enjoying their little feast of rice-milk, after May had told her all she had heard and seen during her absence at Bayswater, 'it is but too true. In the most enviable lot in life, there is always something to destroy its perfection, and make us feel that our own is not so very hard in proportion as we had perhaps imagined it. Courage and constancy will do much towards making even a sempstress's life a contented one.'

'And cheerfulness and hope, dear mother; do not forget cheerfulness and hope!' May had placed the branch of hawthorn in a glass of fair water on the supper-table; she drew it towards her as she spoke, and hanging fondly over its delicate clusters, she repeated—'cheerfulness and hope! Those two make us look at life as at this hawthorn-bough: it has its thorns, sharp and deep-wounding, but it has its glossy green leaves, and its bright pure blossoms of lustrous white, yielding their delicious perfume; and more, mother, those two bid us remember that the thorns, piercing though they be, are yet far, far outnumbered by the leaves and blossoms!' [People's Journal.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berth. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay them down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing, each one as his comfort, or apprehension of danger, dictated.

I had noticed on deck, a fine looking little boy, of about six years old, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German; a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his little German cap, fell his chestnut hair in thick, clustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about in the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun light from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place. But instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him Christian men, retiring to rest without a prayer; or if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? In a distant land, in her cold grave sleeping? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers!

Mothers, what an example for you! Suppose it was a false faith she taught him. She deemed it good. And if with many errors she trained him so well, with a simpler faith and a clearer truth you should do better. Suppose he did repeat his Ave's with his prayers, and supplicate the virgin, as well as the Saviour; knowing better should your piety do less!

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng.—He alone of all the worldly multitude draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether papal or protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good; it made me better. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering around a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon,—a mother and two sons, with voice, and harp, and violin. But no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his devotions by crossing himself, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again.

But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays in a steamboat? Who train their children to pray, even at home! [Watchman.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I never can keep anything," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things away, and loses them." (She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.)

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps, you would find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them.

You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have mislaid any article, keep cool, and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings anything to light except a distorted face; and, by losing your temper, you become guilty of two sins, when you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause. So, my dear, I repeat, 'keep your temper.'"

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her own work-bag.

"Why, mamma!" she exclaimed, "here they are; I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper." [Penny Journal.

DR. CHARLES E. BUCKINGHAM has been appointed by the Overseers of the Poor, Physician to the House of Industry, at South Boston. An excellent selection.

DR. RAPHAEL'S SERMON.

Saturday, Nov. 3, the Synagogue in Elm st. was filled with a congregation of Hebrews, along with many Gentiles, to hear the first lecture of this distinguished stranger. The appearance of the congregation evinced high expectations. Upon the lecturer's entering the pulpit and commencing, we were soon convinced that he possesses an extraordinary ability to command attention and awaken interest.

He chose for his subject the narrative of Abraham sacrificing his son. He reminded his hearers of the special importance of this narrative in the Jewish religion, proved by the frequent mention of this extraordinary act of Abraham in their present supplications for the mercy of God. He then proposed the arrangement of his following remarks under these three inquiries: 1st. How does this act of Abraham prove his sincere and most exalted faith and piety? 2nd. Why is this narrative given us in sacred Scripture, as Abraham did not carry out his purpose? 3d. What is the practical use to which the subject naturally leads us?

Under the first inquiry he presented Abraham vividly before us as distinguished for his renown, his wealth, his heroism, and his intimacy with God. Kings and conquerors have obtained an immortal name from their connection with Abraham—have become visible to all subsequent ages in the light of Abraham's glory. His glory, however, consists chiefly in this: that he had frequent communications from God, and was the friend of God. The strongest of all natural feelings could not stand in the way of his obedience to God. It is his extraordinary act, in its connection with the clear command of God, and not the act in itself, which reflects so much credit on his faith and piety.

The answer to the second inquiry is, that this narrative has been transmitted down to us, to teach us, first, that true religion requires sacrifices, and triumphs over the mightiest obstacles; secondly, that the sacrifices of true religion are only in appearance,—that, in the end, they are precious privileges, and even rewards.

We can speak confidently for one of the Christian hearers, that it was highly interesting and delightful to observe how the lecturer took the whole narrative for solemn, thrilling fact, for real history; and seemed to have nothing of that love for *mythes* in scriptural history which glories in the name of Rationalism. It was likewise interesting to observe, that the preacher has his own head and heart, his own thoughts and feelings, which appear spontaneously and vividly to break forth, and that his lecture was infinitely far from being made up of the dry and dead sayings of the Rabbis of old. We are glad to recognize in such lectures the evidence of a most promising improvement in Jewish preaching—or, perhaps, in our knowledge of it. [Tribune.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, have opened their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the FITCHBURG RAILROAD, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c. &c.

Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c., by the best Teachers in Boston.

The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

REFERENCES.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown,) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr and Mrs Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.

Jan. 29, 1849. oslv

CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL,

IN CHAPMAN PLACE.

THE Sixteenth Annual Term of this School, will commence on the first Monday in September next. The Annual Catalogue of the Teachers and Pupils with the Terms, &c. annexed, may be had at the store of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington Street, and that of Mr. Benj. H. Greene, and Mr. S. G Simpkins, 124, same street. AMOS BAKER.

N. B. Chapman Place leads out of School Street, near Horticultural Hall. ag25.

APOTHECARY. SMITH & MELVIN, 325 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripta* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic though, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES.

BENJ. & E. JACOBS & CO.,

No. 230 Washington Street,

HAVE on hand and are now opening a full assortment (of their own importation) of *Housekeeping Articles*, of first rate fabrics, and of the newest styles, among which are—

100 pieces 9-8 *Pillow Linen.*
500 pieces 7-8 and 4-4 *Shirting Linens*, from one of the best bleacheries in Ireland, manufactured of pure flax, and of great durability.
1000 White *Damask Table Cloths*, embracing all sizes and qualities, both single and double damask.
500 dozen *Table Napkins* and *Doylies*; double and single damask *Table Linen*, by the yard.
100 pieces 5-4, 6-4, 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 *Linen Sheetings* of a stout, heavy fabric, and grass bleached.
Blankets, all sizes and qualities.
White *Quilts*, English and American, of all sizes and qualities.
Birdseye, Scotch and Irish *Towelings*, of all qualities.
Colored Damask and Plaid *Table Cloths*, by the yard.
Printed Centre Table and *Piano Cloths.*
All of which will be sold at the lowest prices, either at wholesale or retail.
Purchasers wanting good Goods, that can be warranted for their durability, are invited to examine this assortment. nov10 4wis

New Fashionable Upholstery

AND FURNITURE STORE

EDWARD HIXON,

170 Washington Street, Boston,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that addition to his Store No. 71 Cornhill, he has taken the spacious building 170 Washington Street, opposite Bromfield Street, where will be found at a the

CHOICEST COLLECTION OF UPHOLSTERY GOODS AND CABINET FURNITURE,

Manufactured from the best of stock. Particular attention paid to the seasoning of wood and putting together all kinds of PARLOR, LIBRARY AND CHAMBER FURNITURE, in fashionable style, and in such faithful manner as to stand furnace heat.

E. H. would also inform his friends that he has made an arrangement with Mr. ABRAHAM KIMBALL of Salem, of the late firm of Kimball & Sargent, to superintend the Store 170 Washington Street.

☞ In accordance with the above arrangement, the subscriber has removed to Boston, 170 Washington Street, where he will be pleased to wait upon his friends and old patrons, and execute any orders that they may entrust to his care.

dec2 1yis ABRAHAM KIMBALL.

Samuel Ingalls, M. D.

TREATMENT OF LUNG DISEASES,

and others, *not cured by* medicine alone.

DR S. INGALLS, whose popular lectures on *Consumption* and chronic diseases, have been delivered throughout New England, is now permanently located in Boston.

Office and Residence, No. 15 Montgomery Place near the Tremont House. 1stf nov4

A CLERGYMAN, residing within ten miles of Boston, wishes to receive two boys, (of the age of ten or twelve,) into his family, to educate.

For particulars, inquire at this office. 1stf oct27

Waterman's Patent Ventilated Refrigerator.

MY Patent Refrigerator is introduced to the public in full confidence that all the serious objections to the old ones are overcome, so far as they can be, without violating the laws that govern caloric. The principal improvements are the ventilator, double covers and valve. There are several minor improvements, which, when seen, will be readily appreciated. They are made in the most thorough manner, and lined with zinc of sufficient thickness to insure their duration.

WATERMAN'S PATENT HAND SHOWER BATH, AND IMPROVED BATHING PAN.

The Bathing Pan started on its mission of health and cleanliness from my establishment, fifteen years ago, since which, it has, by its own merits, worked its way to all parts of the civilized World, and thousands upon thousands have been sold, to those, who but for this invention, would have had no means of Bathing, owing to the expense and trouble attending the old bath tub and shower bath. My patent hand Shower Bath was invented and introduced as an adjunct to the Bathing Pan, thus allowing one to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath in the summer months, without being encumbered with the closet bath, the remaining nine months of the year, and has become a general favorite on that account.

WATERMAN'S PATENT LAMP TEA KETTLE.

Every year since the introduction of the Cooking Range, at the approach of Summer, I have had many, and urgent calls for an article to boil water in, without making a fire in the range. The above is the result of my endeavors to answer the call, and is to my entire satisfaction. It will be found both useful and economical in hot weather, to all who cook by Range, and at all seasons, to families that board either at Hotels or elsewhere. To Ladies keeping house in a snug way, and performing their domestic duties from *choice*, it is invaluable, and will answer for the Bachelor in his dreary lodging-room.

WATERMAN'S PATENT BROILER.

This article was invented for the special benefit of those who cook by Range, but experience has proved it to be equally beneficial when used on cooking stoves, or before the wood fire. It combines economy with convenience, and gives entire satisfaction to all who have given it a thorough trial, as it saves all the fat and juices of the meat, and prevents the unpleasant odor always attending the process of broiling by the old method.

N. B. Turn the steak frequently while broiling, and it will be the sooner and better cooked.

WATERMAN'S HOUSE LANTERN.

That safety and convenience should prompt every housekeeper to have a lantern is an indisputable fact. The objections to those now in use, are, that when the glass is broken the remaining portion has to be thrown away (although it costs twice as much as the glass) and the top cannot be cleaned of the soot that collects in it. My lantern is so arranged, that a new glass can be put in for the cost of the glass alone; and the top, being moveable, can be kept as clean as any other part, thus becoming a reflector, instead of an absorbent of light, as in the old ones. The top being flat, any vessel can be put thereon, where hot water will be always in readiness, in case of sickness during the night, or for the gentleman's shaving water in the morning, thus answering the double purpose of a nursery lamp and lantern. (Regis. for Pat. 1848.)

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN COFFEE FILTER.

Through all the years of my experience as a Kitchen furnisher I have sought for a coffee machine, that the cook could manage, and always bring to the table pure extract of coffee without sediment, and have not found it; hence the necessity for improvement; the result, (after many experiments), the fountain filter, by which, cooks of the smallest intellectual capacity, can always put upon the table the purest coffee, with the least possible trouble to themselves and the most comfort to their employers. (Registered for Patent 1848.)

INFANTS' BATH TUB.

The utility of this article is so self-evident, that it has long been considered an indispensable appendage to the nursery,—its peculiar form making it easy for the child, and convenient for the nurse, it being light to handle and readily emptied, both ends forming a spout to pour from. Since its introduction (about the same time with my Bath Pan for adults,) I have not been called upon to make one of the old pattern, or alter this in any way, it having given entire satisfaction as it was first made. The sale has been steadily on the increase ever since, and as it has been copied in various other manufactures, it may be considered as having gained a worthy reputation, on the strength of its own merits.

The above named articles, invented by the subscriber, are manufactured and for sale at his Kitchen Furnishing Ware Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill, 6 and 8 Brattle and 73 Court street.

The place for all on the eve of housekeeping, and those already established, to procure every article appertaining to the kitchen department, of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Goods sent to all parts of the City and adjacent towns, free of expense to the purchaser. Those visiting the City by Railroad, can have their goods packed and sent to the Depot, in season for the evening train, by making their selection in the early part of the day.

june9 7m NATH'L WATERMAN.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

THE uniform success which has attended the use of this preparation—its salutary effect—its power to relieve and cure affections of the Lungs, have gained for it a celebrity equalled by no other medicine. We offer it to the afflicted with entire confidence in its virtues, and the full belief that it will subdue and remove the severest attacks of disease upon the throat and Lungs. These results, as they become publicly known, very naturally attract the attention of medical men and philanthropists everywhere. What is their opinion of CHERRY PECTORAL may be seen in the following:—

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,
Prof. Surgery Med. College, New York, says:—
"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the Throat and Lungs."

THE RT. REV. LORD BISHOP FIELD

writes in a letter to his friend, who was fast sinking under an affection of the Lungs:—"Try the CHERRY PECTORAL, and if any medicine can give you relief, with the blessing of God that will."

CHIEF JUSTICE EUSTIS,

of Louisiana, writes, "That a young daughter of his was cured of several severe attacks of *Croup* by the CHERRY PECTORAL."

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS.

The Canadian Journal of Medical Science

states, "That Asthma and Bronchitis so prevalent in this inclement clime, has yielded with surprising rapidity to Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, and we cannot too strongly recommend this skilful preparation to the Profession and public generally."

Let the relieved sufferer speak for himself:—

HARTFORD, Jan. 26, 1847.

Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—Having been rescued from a painful and dangerous disease by your medicine, gratitude prompts me to send you this acknowledgment, not only in justice to you, but for the information of others in like affliction.

A slight cold upon the lungs, neglected at first, became so severe that spitting of blood, a violent cough and profuse night sweats followed and reduced me upon me. I became emaciated, could not sleep, was distressed by my cough, and a pain through my chest, and in short had all the alarming symptoms of quick consumption. No medicine seemed at all to reach my case, until I providentially tried your CHERRY PECTORAL. This soon relieved and now has cured me. Yours with respect,

E. A. STEWART.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 17, 1848.

Dr. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—I have for years been afflicted with Asthma in the worst form; so that I have been obliged to sleep in my chair for a large part of the time, being unable to breathe on my bed. I had tried a great many medicines to no purpose, until my Physician prescribed, as an experiment, your CHERRY PECTORAL.

At first it seemed to make me worse, but in no less than a week I began to experience the most gratifying relief from its use; and now, in four weeks the disease is entirely removed. I can sleep on my bed with comfort, and enjoy a state of health which I had never expected to enjoy. GEORGE S. FARRANT.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

Sold by the Druggists generally throughout New England. 3mos ag22

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS—Published by D. APPLETON & CO., 200 Broadway, New York.

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